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FORWARD TO THE BATTLE GROUND.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1889.

VOLUME LIV.—No. 618
Price Ten Cents.



A WOMAN OF NERVE.

MRS. D. W. CASTLE OF SAN JOSE, CAL., COMPELS A BURGLAR TO DROP HIS PLUNDER.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1889.

KILRAIN-SULLIVAN.

TWO GREAT NUMBERS

OF THE

POLICE GAZETTE,

No. 619,

Published Tuesday, July 8, will illustrate and give the only accurate report of the

Great Battle Between Kilrain and Sullivan
For the Police Gazette Champion Belt.

No. 620,

Published Monday, July 15, will fully illustrate and give the details of the great fight, and in addition there will be presented with this number (620)

AN ELEGANT SUPPLEMENT

—a photograph of Kilrain and Sullivan as they appear in the ring for the first round with the crowd at the ring side.

Be sure and ask your newsdealer to save you a copy of each of the great numbers, otherwise you may be unable to obtain one.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

ON TO NEW ORLEANS!

From what the POLICE GAZETTE can ascertain through its correspondents and its innumerable sporting friends throughout the country, and more particularly in New Orleans, the big fight between Champion Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan will eventuate on July 8, notwithstanding the fact that wisacres hint that it is going to be a "fake show."

So far as Jake Kilrain is concerned, there is not the possibility of a doubt that he is honest in his intentions and purposes, and that he intends to be in the ring when time is called to do battle for the \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt, the championship of the world, and far above all, his reputation as an honest pugilist. From the date of Kilrain's first appearance before the public as a defender of himself and his claims, he has conducted himself as a gentleman, as an honest man and as a citizen, who has naught to fear as to aspersions against his domestic, personal or general conduct.

As to John L. Sullivan, there are those connected with him who will use superhuman efforts to be assured that no underhand measures are used to disappoint the masses of honorable sporting men as to the reliability of the coming fight. There is a sort of truism relating to "giving a dog a bad name, etc.," but there is no specific evidence at hand to denote that John L. Sullivan comes under this head. He has his faults, and the man in sporting, political, mercantile or professional circles who has not should set himself up as a dime museum freak, and he can be at once assured of umbrellas enough to guard him against rainy days should he live to be as aged as Methuselah and all his forefathers and descendants combined.

Unless some untoward or unexpected accident or intervention occurs, we are reliably informed that the fight will positively occur according to schedule.

It may be pardonable on the part of the POLICE GAZETTE to state that it will give the earliest and best news and sketches concerning the big fight.

Mr. "Al" Cridge, than whom no more honorable gentleman lives, will deliver over to the decided-winner of the fight the twenty-thousand-dollar stakes, which now repose in the Second National Bank of this city, anxiously, no doubt, Micawber-like, waiting to see what will turn up.

In the words of the sporting fraternity,
"Now onward to New Orleans!"

MASKS AND FACES

"Shee-Long-Tan-Moo"---Booth in Black Face.

DARK STAGE DOORS.

Humor and Humidity---Grisette is Going.

SUN AND SHADE.

There was an odor of attar of roses in the Windsor Theatre, Bowery, last week.

There were other odors not as sweet, for Chinamen, when they go to a show, take off their sandals.

The Chinamen flocked in great numbers to Mr. Murtha's popular playhouse and for good reason.

The house bills boldly announced that for two weeks "Shee-Long-Tan-Moo," a celestial play, was to be played by a celestial company.

There was a great gathering on the first night to see this play.

It was the first time that a genuine Chinese play had been played by a genuine Chinese company in Manhattan.

The Wong Chin Foo and the Yuet Sings, the Moy Fongs and the Woo Kees, the Hong Songs and the Sing



Songs, representatives of Chinatown high and low, were out in great shape.

And among them sat newspaper men, men about town, and here and there a few ladies.

I tried hard to find out from a fat Chinaman by my side what the play, "Shee-Long-Tan-Moo," was all about.

He grinned, looked through his spectacles, and grunted an occasional word of explanation.

Here was the programme:

WINDSOR THEATRE.

SHEE-LONG TAN-MOO.

(The "Loyal Slave.")

A Chinese heroic drama by Kung Ming.

Sean Neong Zung Ton (the princess).....Tak-a-Wing
Princ. Yung Boun Pow.....Moo-Sung-Joe
Tong-Tai-Zoon (Emperor of China).....Lee Yuen
Tung-Yung (the Loyal Slave).....Chow-Loon-Yin
Tartar General.....

The performance consisted of some shrill shrieks and some squeaky sonnets by these individuals and of an incessant din of banjos, tom-toms, cymbals and drums, played by individuals who sat in the back of the stage.

The noise was occasionally as the caterwauling of children down with cholera infantum.

The female characters were taken by men.

The curtain, which rose at 7:30, didn't drop at all, but the newspaper men present went out to get a drink when it was about time for a reasonable curtain to drop.

The dialogue consisted of the squeaks and pantomime. Now and then the two fellows who were supposed to be funny fell on the floor. Once they had a duel. The heroine, at one stage of the game, wiped her husband's nose. Another lady pranced around with a riding whip in her hand as though she were on horseback. There was a little action in the play as there is in a thirty-year-old car horse, and as little coherence to the interest as there is meaning in the letters on a tea-chest.

The Americans applauded every now and then, just for the fun of the thing.

The Chinamen were stolid, decorous, greasy and interested.

The robes of the actors were of the most gorgeous texture and of the most variegated colors.

Most of the actors wore long horse-hair beards, which they stroked all the time. Two of the performers wore masks. The female impersonators were atrociously painted. The language used sounded to a poor uninitiated foreigner somewhat like a wash-wringer that had a cold or a lot of poker chips struck by lightning.

Altogether, I can't say that I found Kung Ming as interesting as Boucicault, or Kung Joo as attractive as Grace Pilkins.

But Mr. Murtha was as courteous as though those horrible instruments on the stage weren't giving 400 of his fellow-citizens the headache.

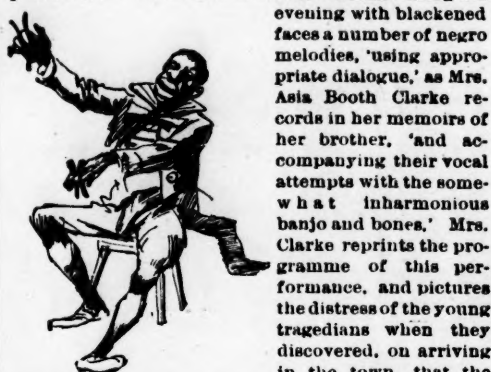
Mr. Murtha would be courteous at a hari kari. It's natural to him to be so.

It seems strange, but Booth once played in black face; so did Jefferson.

"In 1860," says Laurence Hutton, "when Mr. Edwin Booth was seventeen, and a year after his debut as

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Tresselt at the Boston Museum, he gave an entertainment with Mr. John S. Clarke, a youth of the same age, at the court house in Belair, Maryland. They read selections from 'Richieu,' 'The Stranger,' and the quarrel scene from 'Julius Caesar,' singing during the evening with blackened faces a number of negro melodies, 'using appropriate dialogue,' as Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke records in her memoirs of her brother, 'and accompanying their vocal attempts with the somewhat inharmonious banjo and bones.' Mrs. Clarke reprints the programme of this performance, and pictures the distress of the young tragedians when they discovered, on arriving in the town, that the



Simon pure negro they had employed as an advance agent had in every instance posted their bills upside down.

"Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the third and present bearer of that honored name, was unquestionably the youngest actor who ever made his mark with a piece of burnt cork. The story of his first appearance is told by Mr. William Winter in his volume entitled 'The Jeffersons.' Coming from a family of actors, the boy, as was natural, was reared amidst theatrical surroundings, and when only four years of age—in 1833—he was brought upon the stage by Thomas D. Rice himself, on a benefit occasion at the Washington Theatre. The little Joe, blackened and arrayed precisely like his senior, was carried on to the stage in a bag upon the shoulders of the shambling Ethiopian, and emptied from it with the appropriate complete:

'Ladies and gentlemen I'd have you for to know I's got a little darkey here to jump Jim Crow.'

Mrs. John Drew, who was present, says that the boy instantly assumed the attitude of Jim Crow Rice, and sang and danced in imitation of his sable companion, a perfect miniature likeness of that long, ungainly, grotesque, and exceedingly droll comedian."

Sardou, the playwright, has given us his souvenirs lately:

"The first play that I ever wrote was a Swedish tragedy, 'Queen Ulfr,' written when I was a charity pupil at Necker. All the principal characters speak in verses fifteen feet long, those of the second class is simply alexandrines, and the minor parts in verses of five feet. I studied for days, months and years the 'carpenter work,' the tricks, the little details, all the small matters which are the very life and soul of a dramatic piece; interest, which is its blood; action, which is its heart—and I succeeded in finding out the secrets of this marvelous organism, where the smallest wheels fulfill important functions, as in the human body, and where it is not only the actors who play their parts, but the groupings of these actors, the stage furniture, the mise en scene, the accessories."

The stage doors are dark. Cobwebs grow there. The season is over. The doorkeeper, full of beer, is asleep. Actors and actresses tie them to the sea shore, the cheap mountain resorts, the seedy boarding houses, and spend their hard-earned savings or run into debt. Jennie Yeamans still menaces to star.

Jennie Williams ditto. May Howard is a success at Koster & Bial's.

Frank Daniels has gone to Long Branch. Harry Brown talks of playing Napoleon next season.

Cora Tinnie goes with Dixey next year. She had offers from the Hanlons for "Fantasma," but refused.

Mrs. Langtry was sued by her cook. Frank McKee starts out for himself next season.

Wm. Dunlevy, dramatic critic of the Evening Telegram, has gone on a trip West.

Koland Reed can now be seen daily on Broadway. Charles R. Bacon, business manager for Rose Coghlan, now manages a good hotel at Bar Harbor, Me.

Louis Robie, an excellent authority, speaks in high terms of the artistic cleverness of Harry and Carrie Maynard.

Ed Price, who so successfully manages Richard Mansfield, has been in town some time.

Louis Aldrich is still with us. Mrs. Divorce Carter, they say, will go on the stage shortly.

Lillie Tyson, whose pugilistic prowess was chronicled by the daily press recently, is now in the back row of the chorus at the Casino.

Helen Bertram does not replace Marion Manola. By the way, Marion Manola and her baby, and Lillian Russell and her baby are now exhibited in many photographers' windows.

Helen Lamont will sing leading roles in "Erminie" and "Nadyl" next season, under the management of Nat Roth.

Pauline L'Allemand sang "Marguerite" beautifully in the production of "Faust," by J. W. Morrissey, at the Grand Opera House.

May Jordan's Yum Yum has made as big a success at Doris' Museum as that pink dress of hers has on Broadway.

Tom Maguire, of the Bijou, had a rousing benefit. Ed Mayo has bought a new play of Col. Milliken.

J. J. Brady is in the village booming "Brie-a-Brie" of Frank Tannehill.

Jno. Morton tells this story: "When Crowley lay dying in the Park, he called a doctor to him."

"I have a last confession to make, but don't give it away," said he.

"Well?" ventured the M. D.

"Pat Rooney was my uncle," said Crowley, and expired."

"Grisette," the heroine of a tale of Paris and New York, published here by Lew Rosen, seems to have caught the boys.

Grisette was a bad girl, but the public seems to like her.

Arthur Trumble, of To-Day, thus celebrates the event:

Grisette
Is a pet,
You bet!
She has struck her third set,
And is running well yet;
While Lew Rosen, with rod, line and fly,
Is teaching wily black bass to die.

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J. B. Booth, nephew of Edwin Booth, son of Junius Brutus Booth, cousin of Creston Clarke, ex-member of Mansfield's company and actual member of the Boston Museum, has had a good joke told at his expense.

During Edwin Booth's recent illness young Booth was accosted making inquiry regarding his uncle's health.

"Where are Booth and Barrett playing now?" was the question asked.

"Mr. Barrett is playing in Buffalo," answered young J. B. "Mr. Booth," meaning himself, he added, self-consciously, "is playing at Niblo's with Mrs. Potter."

Scene.
Goodwin Boudoir.
Time. 5 A. M.

Handsome Nat walking floor baby in arms—no more sleep—a few cuss words—a cocktail.

Good morning.
Boucicault on Joseph Haworth:

"That young man has swallowed his conceit and is unable to digest it."

ROSEN.

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Good morning.
Boucicault on Joseph Haworth:

"That young man has swallowed his conceit and is unable to digest it."

ROSEN.

RULES GOVERNING THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION BELT.

RULE 1—The "Police Gazette" belt shall represent the heavy-weight championship of the world, and be open to every man to compete for.

RULE 2—All contests for the "Police Gazette" belt shall be fought according to the new rules of the London prize ring.

RULE 3—The holder of the trophy will be the recognized champion pugilist of the world, and will be required to defend the trophy against all comers.

RULE 4—All matches for the belt shall be for no less a sum than one thousand dollars (\$1,000) a side, or upward, at the option of the holder.

RULE 5—The belt shall be subject to challenge from any pugilist in the world, but no challenge will be accepted unless a deposit of \$250 is posted.

RULE 6—Challenges shall date from the day of their receipt by the stakeholder, and the holder of the belt shall be in duty bound to arrange a match with the first challenger.

RULE 7—All contests shall take place within three months, if optional with the holder, from the date of receipt of challenge by the stakeholder.

RULE 8—The holder of the belt must contend for the belt every four months if challenged, and not more than three times in twelve months.

RULE 9—In all matches, the donor shall settle any dispute in question that may arise in regard to the rules.

RULE 10—In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, if not, the stakeholder or his representative, shall select, name and notify both men of the next time and place of fighting.

RULE 11—All contests for the belt must be fought in the United States, Canada or Europe, and the holder of the trophy will have no power to select the fighting ground, but will mutually agree with the challenger and holder upon the selection of the place.

RULE 12—The belt shall become the personal property of any pugilist who wins it three times in succession or holds it three years against all comers.

RULE 13—The winner or holder of the belt must give satisfactory security for the safe keeping of the same, and be prompt to return it to the stakeholder when called for.

RULE 14—The belt must be delivered to the stakeholder thirty days prior to a contest, and the holder refusing any challenge will forfeit all claims and rights to the trophy.

RULE 15—The holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt shall be the recognized heavy-weight champion of the world.

LEFT THE MINISTER IN THE WOODS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some of the residents of the northern part of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., became tired of the sermons that were being delivered in that locality by the Rev. Thasson. So, recently, a mob went to a house where the minister was preaching, and, taking him outside, they put him in a lumber wagon and drove several miles into the woods, where they left him to take care of himself. He wandered about all night, but finally reached a town in the vicinity, where he made charges against his abductors.

RUN DOWN BY A TUG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A boating party of seven started from Albany, N. Y., one night recently to take a row on the Hudson. On their way home the boat was struck by the tug boat Evelyn and all the party were drowned but Joseph A. Cole. The drowned are: Edward Cole, Mary Hennessy, Maggie Horner, Maud Horner, John Nittimore and Kate Ryan.

KILLED BY A BOILER EXPLOSION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two boys, named Harry and William Jasser, of No. 621 South Third street, Philadelphia, were experimenting recently with an old boiler, when it exploded, hurting both boys against a wall. Harry was killed instantly, and Willie lived but an hour.

COUNT CHESTNUTTI.

The "Police Gazette" Fiend's
Narrow Escape.

SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

An Interesting Story of an Experience
in the Tombs.

A VERY JUICY, MEATY FRIEND.



HE CAME of an old family, did Count Chestnutti Banana. One could tell that by his clothes. There was no doubt about his rank, either. Anybody could tell that he was very rank, and, as a consequence, his company was much sought after by the police.

In the year 1876, when I was a struggling reporter on a local daily, the Count was editor of an organ, and that's how we became acquainted. I used to throw his assistant-

editor hot pennies from our office window, and it was through these charitable acts that the Count and I struck up an acquaintance. If I remember correctly, the Count struck first, and as the assistant-editor came to help him I grappled him by the tail and nearly hammered him through the Count. Thereby hangs this tale.

If the gentle reader will refrain from getting tired too soon he will soon see that this is an interesting story.

During the misunderstanding between us, as above remarked, a twinge of remorse struck me. I am not positively positive whether it was remorse or a brick. However, I felt sorry for the Count and his assistant, desisted from harming them more, and hurried into the office, while the Count was looking for another brick.



THE COUNT AND HIS ASSISTANT.

I saw nothing more of the Count for five years or so, and had, of course, forgotten all about him, when one day, as I was attending to my reportorial duties in the Tombs Police Court, I again met him. His assistant was with him, as was also a policeman. I gleaned from the story told that the Count had retired from the organ trade and was a member of a Fruit and Nut Trust, the main office of which was at Canal street and the Bowery. The reason that the Count had brought the policeman to court was to settle the ownership of the monkey, his former assistant editor when he ran the organ. The officer had arrested the Count and a fellow desperado of his own nationality in the hallway of the latter's chateau on Elizabeth street, just in

time to, unfortunately, spare both their lives. The officer had arrived at an inopportune moment. The surrounding gloaming was diseased with contagious cutlery when the officer adjourned the meeting sine die, and issued invitations for the two gentlemen to join him in a 5 o'clock tea at the station-house. There they had both remained all night and had been brought to the Tombs in the morning, as I have stated.

The progressive encheire party which the officer had interrupted in the Elizabethan hallway had, it appears, had its origin in my old friend, the monkey. When the Count retired from the proprietorship of the organ, he had become so attached to the monkey that he could not find it in his heart to part with it and had taught it to become a valuable assistant in the Fruit and Nut Trust, in polishing apples, oranges and bananas, in cracking hickories, pecans and Brazils, and in incising chestnuts for the roaster. The monk's furry right arm was an Al polisher and its firm molar cast patent lever crackers far into the shade. To make a long story short (Kats!), the other Italian had cast yearning glances at the educated link and had, with malice aforethought and devilishness pre-pense, stolen, swiped, filched, purloined and otherwise lifted the aforesaid monk, all belonging to, and theretofore the property of him, the aforesaid Chestnutti Banana. In other words, it had become a missing link. The Count had called upon his absorbent countryman; had demanded his assistant; the countryman had denied its possession; the animal had heard its master's voice; had flown to his arms; there had been a quarrel; the two men had clinched; the three had come down stairs together in a roll, and the cutlery seance had begun as above set forth.

The monkey was in court, and as it was impossible for the judge to prove proprietorship without further evidence, and as a serious charge had been made against both men, he set down the examination for a

future day, and committed the jugglers in default of bail.

"Can you give bail?" asked His Honor.

Both men shook their heads and looked about the court room. The Count's eye caught mine and he re-



THE SEANCE IN THE HALLWAY.

cognized me. As I stood at the judge's elbow, behind the desk, he saw at a glance that I had some influence with His Honor. His eyes brightened.

"Data gentilemana knows me. He knows da monk, too," he said, pleadingly.

Judge — turned to me and I nodded assent. I became surety for the Count, and the other man was looked up for trial, which was to take place a week later, as the man still contended that the animal was his. The Count and I left the room together, as I wanted to impress on his mind the necessity of being on hand when the case was called, as I was responsible for his appearance. As we walked along Centre street he was profuse in his thanks. I never in my life saw a man so appreciative of a favor bestowed. The tears rolled down his cheeks and made railroad tracks, trunk-lines, sidings and switches all across the real estate on his expression, as he thanked me again and



A TALE OF WOE.

again for coming to his assistance in his hour of direct necessity.

"Ifa dey locks me up," he said, tremblingly, "I cutta my troats! Wota little Nina do dey locks me up?"

"And who is Nina?" I asked, becoming all alert in anticipation of a romance.

"Shea my daughter. Comes an' see, gentilemana! You falla in love. Pretta as de Madonna."

I accompanied him to a ramshackle tenement on Mulberry street, and we proceeded up a dark and rickety stairway to the third story, rear. He opened the door, and we entered a foggy room. He locked the door, and, suddenly jumping toward me and grasping me by the shoulder, he hissed, as he took a large jack-knife from his pocket:

"Gentilemana, I go to killa you!"

Here was a really enjoyable predicament for a young and enterprising reporter to be in. How in the world was the newspaper I represented to get on if that bloodthirsty jackknife inserted itself into my physical repertoire? I could feel my hat bidding a hurried adieu to my hair, and little rivulets of perspiration began to trickle sedately adown my graceful contour. I grasped the idea that I had fallen into a trap. That the Italian had remembered our previous meeting and that his love of vengeance had dispelled all thoughts of his latest trouble became intuitively impressed upon the tablets of what I was pleased to term my mind. He was no taller than I was, no heavier, and, single-handed, I think that I could have disarranged the bric-a-brac in the room considerably with him, but he held a better hand than I did—jack (knife) high! I was at his mercy, and as the one prayer I could think of was, "Now I Lay Me," I recited that as impressive-



IN THE TOMBS.

ly as I could, while my chattering teeth played a castanet accompaniment.

"You seta down!" he hissed, as he pointed toward a bench: "I wanta tella a story."

I was glad, at that moment, to join in the festivities of a story, and inwardly hoped that it would be of a serial nature. He told the story of our first meeting with such detail as would have gained him fame as a "space reporter" on any paper in the land. He told of

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the organ, of the hot pennies, of the fight and of how I had belabored him with the monkey, which had afterward, after a long and lingering illness, been crowded out from the effects of the severe cold it had enveloped in the draught caused by its vehement and earnest meandering through the bleak atmosphere, as I had swung it around his head. Then he stopped and fondled the knife. I begged him to proceed, and besought him that if he didn't know any more to tell the same story over again. I expressed a desire to hear the pedigree of the new monkey that had taken the place of the one gone before; if they were connected by birth or had only been strangers-in-law.

All this time I was trying to figure up how far it was to the sidewalk, via the window, and if, by chance, should I determine upon that mode of exit, I might strike upon an accommodating passing pedestrian and thus break my fall even tho' the meeting gave the pedestrian pain. While this thought was flashing through my alleged brain, I unconsciously slid my hand into my pocket. In an instant I realized that I had a chance for my life, and I determined to use it.

The reporters at the Tombs had been in the habit of playing all sorts of harmless practical jokes on each other. One of these was to place all kinds of rubbish in each other's pockets. As my hand reached my pocket, I felt that I had been a victim of a prank that morning. A fellow-reporter named Pat Delaney had, in a spirit of fun been the unconscious means of saving my life.

As the Italian finished his story he kicked his chair



"I GONE TO KILLA YOU."

over, raised his knife and started toward me. The devil was in his eye, and he meant murder.

"If you move another step I'll blow your brains out!" said I, as I drew my hand from my pocket and pointed the weapon I had found straight at his head.

He turned pale and dropped his knife.

"Open that door or I'll bore you full of holes!" I screamed, with more or less frenzy.

He tremblingly obeyed my command.

"Now you march downstairs ahead of me, and if you so much as budge an offensive eyelash I'll open a new street through your premises."

He walked.

I gave him over to the tender care of a policeman, who spanked him all the way to the station house. He got six months.

Pete Delaney had been working a free-lunch counter that morning, and, becoming overstocked, he had un-



I SAVED MY LIFE.

loaded a nice, fat Frankfurter sausage into my pocket. It had saved my life. And now Frankfurters have to roost high when the clock in the steeple strikes 12, if I'm a'ound.

QUEVEDO.

SHERIFF GABRIEL VILLERE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Gabriel Villere, whose picture is in another column of this paper, has recently been elected criminal sheriff of New Orleans. He was born in New Orleans in 1851, and at an early age he entered the coal business, in which he is still engaged. Mr. Villere belongs to the old Villere family, which is one of the best known in the State. He is an efficient and capable officer and is known throughout the county as a faithful and impartial official.

A CHAMPION SHOT-PUTTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of G. R. Gray, the well-known athlete and famous shot-putter. Gray is well known in amateur athletic circles, and he is champion shot-putter of England, Ireland, Canada and America. He holds the world's record for putting 12-pound shot 50 feet 6 inches, and also holds the American record for putting 16-pound shot and is a member of the New York Athletic Club.

AN ALL-ROUND AMATEUR ATHLETE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Nearly every admirer of athletics has read of, heard of, or witnessed the exploits of C. A. J. Queckbörner, who has time and again made wonderful records at throwing heavy weights, putting the shot and throwing the hammer. Queckbörner is well known in amateur circles in all parts of the country.

CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER COLLEIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Captain Chris. Collelin, whose picture occupies a place in our paper this week, is commander of the Fourth Precinct, New Orleans. He was appointed sergeant in 1881, and promoted to a captaincy in 1886. Since Capt. Collelin's connection with the police he has been a terror to evildoers.

CAPT. MEAKIM, GENTLEMAN!

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A portrait of Capt. Meakim, of the Tenth New York Police precinct, appears in this issue. Capt. Meakim has seen eighteen years of active service on the police force. He was four years a police officer, under Inspector Murray, and was then made a detective. In 1876 he was promoted to the place of roundsman for his splendid work in the Astoria masked burglar case.

Three years later he was made sergeant, and right after that was promoted to captain, which position he has held for eight years. Capt. Meakim is well known throughout New York and indeed all over the United States, and has a legion of friends in all circles.

CANNON BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THEM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At one o'clock one morning recently messengers hastened through Kingston, Ont., and called the members of "A" Battery of Artillery out of their beds. Horses were put to the guns, and at two o'clock the battery hastened to the penitentiary outside of the city and passed through the gate into the jail yard, where the guns, loaded, were trained on the doors and windows. A conspiracy had been discovered which included a revolt of the 800 convicts at dinner time, and in the plan was included the use of dynamite, which some of the prisoners had stolen while working in the quarry. The convicts were formed in line and silently marched through the jail yard in front of the muzzles of the loaded cannon. It took the nerve from them, and the plan of escape has been baffled.

BIFFED HIM IN THE EYE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An exciting scene occurred in Cincinnati, recently, between Mr. Sigmund Mayer and a black-eyed beauty named Edna Royston, with whom he had been very intimate. The woman called at Mr. Mayer's place of business, and together they started out to take a walk. When they reached Race and Second streets the woman suddenly gave Mayer a biff in the eye, and then brought her umbrella into use as a club and belted him about the street. After a while she stopped, and the pair walked away together. Mr. Mayer is a member of the well-known firm of Alfred Mayer & Co., haters.

A WOMAN OF NERVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While Mrs. D. W. Castle of San Jose, Cal., was engaged in getting supper, recently, she saw the shadow of a man go into the parlor, and knowing it was a burglar, she went up stairs and secured a gun. She then came downstairs, just as the burglar was leaving the house with a sack in his hands. Cocking the gun, she leveled it at the fellow's head and told him to empty his pockets and drop the sack, which he did. Mrs. Castle then told him to go. After getting out of the house the man ran to a buggy and drove off.

A FAMOUS NEW ORLEANS OFFICER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Captain Edward J. Donnelly, whose picture appears in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, is captain of the Fifth Precinct, New Orleans. Before his appointment Captain Donnelly was employed in one of the largest cotton houses in the city, and when it failed he accepted an appointment from Mayor Shreve as a police officer. Being a man of tact and cool judgment, he has made a number of important captures in the short time he has been on the force. He was appointed captain on May 17, 1888, and he has taught the tough element in his precinct to respect the law.

CHIEF DEPUTY SHERIFF LE BLANC.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Chief Deputy Criminal Sheriff Alcee Le Blanc, of the parish of Orleans, New Orleans, La., appears in another column. Mr. Le Blanc was born in New Orleans on Oct. 17, 1847. In 1874 he was appointed chief deputy sheriff of St. Bernard parish, which position he held until 1879, when he was appointed tax collector of the same parish. In 1879 he was appointed secretary of the police jury of the parish, and in 1880 he was again appointed chief deputy criminal sheriff, which position he now occupies.

NIMBLE CHORUS GIRLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Bethel and St. John's M. E. colored churches of Newark, N. J., held an entertainment recently in St. John's church. The Theodore Drury Operatic Company was engaged and the church was crowded. As the entertainment progressed it was discovered that it was no more or less than a leg show, and as all the members were indignant the pastor immediately stopped the play and dismissed the audience, when some of the saddle-colored sisters attempted to kick holes in the roof.

DROWNED IN A TANK OF OIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Wm. Nugent, of Lima, Ohio, who was employed as an oil well pumper by Hoover Brothers, climbed upon a 250-barrel oil tank recently, and while there one of the boards broke and let him fall in. No one was near to respond to his cries for help, and he was drowned in the greasy liquid.

MANAGER CHARLES C. SPINK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Another page will show a good picture of Charles C. Spink, the manager of the St. Louis Sporting News. Mr. Spink is also part owner of the paper. He is well known in the West among all the sporting people, and has made many friends inside and outside of that circle.

EDITOR A. H. SPINK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we publish a picture of A. H. Spink, editor and part proprietor of the St. Louis Sporting News. Mr. Spink was sporting editor of the St. Louis Republican and Globe-Democrat before he founded the Sporting News, and is known throughout the West as an honorable sporting editor.

EDITOR W. M. GRANT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we present a picture of W. M. Grant, editor and publisher of the Sunday Morning Leader at Grand Forks, Dakota. The paper is a new one, but has proven a great success, and its circulation is climbing higher day by day.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



CHIEF DEPUTY SHERIFF LE BLANC,
A FAVORITE NEW ORLEANS CRIMINAL-CATCHER WHO IS WELL UP IN HIS BUSINESS,
AND IS BELOVED OF HIS FRIENDS.



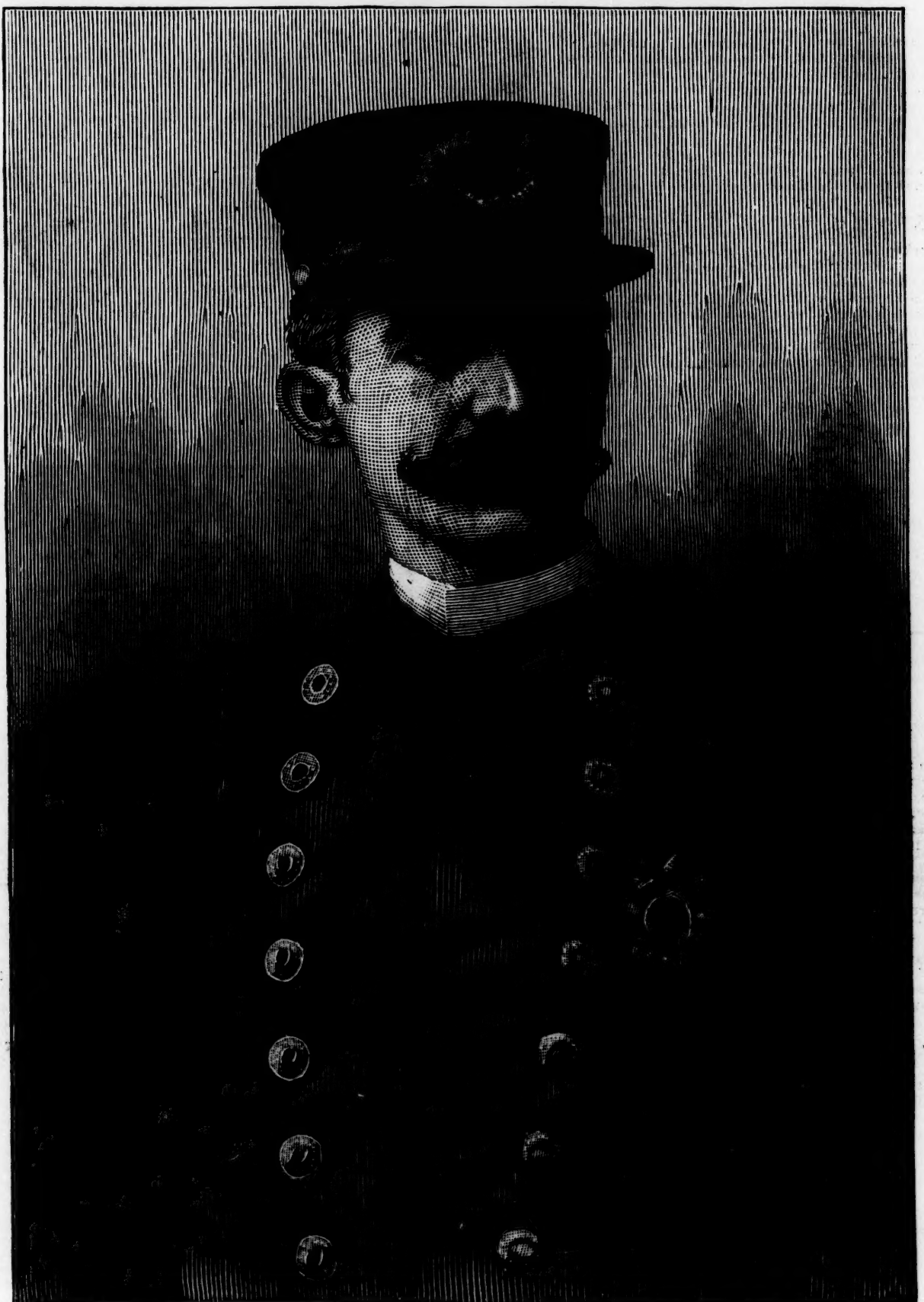
SHERIFF GABRIEL VILLERE,
THE PROMINENT OFFICIAL WHO KEEPS WELL IN HAND NEW ORLEANS' CRIMINAL CLASSES AND WOULD-BE DEPREDATEURS.



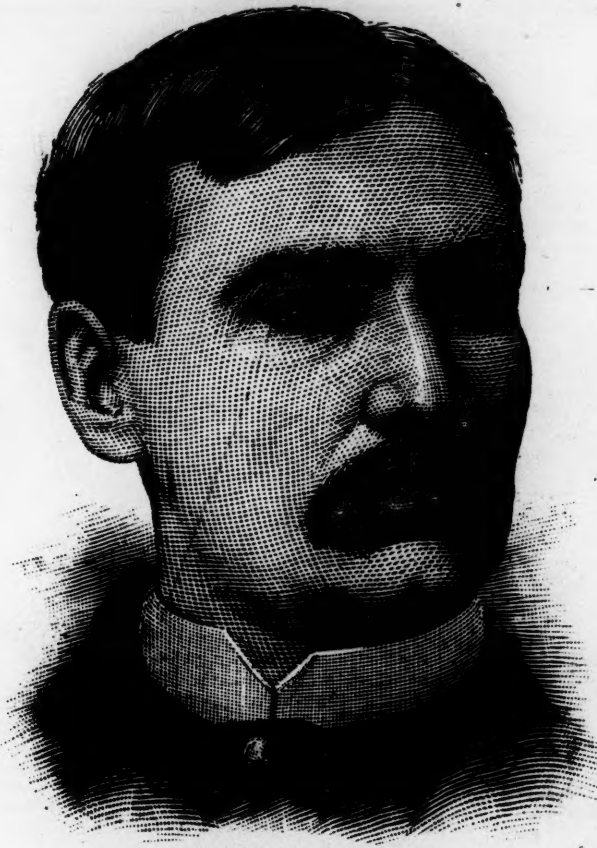
A FAMOUS NEW ORLEANS OFFICER.
CAPTAIN EDWARD J. DONNELLY OF THE CRESCENT CITY POLICE,
THAN WHOM NONE BETTER.



CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER COLLEIN,
A WELL KNOWN AND PROMINENT NEW ORLEANS POLICEMAN, WHO IS
A TERROR TO EVIL-DOERS.



CAPT. MEAKIM, GENTLEMAN!
A BRAVE AND FEARLESS NEW YORK POLICE OFFICER WHO IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR
MEMBERS OF THE "VERY FINEST."



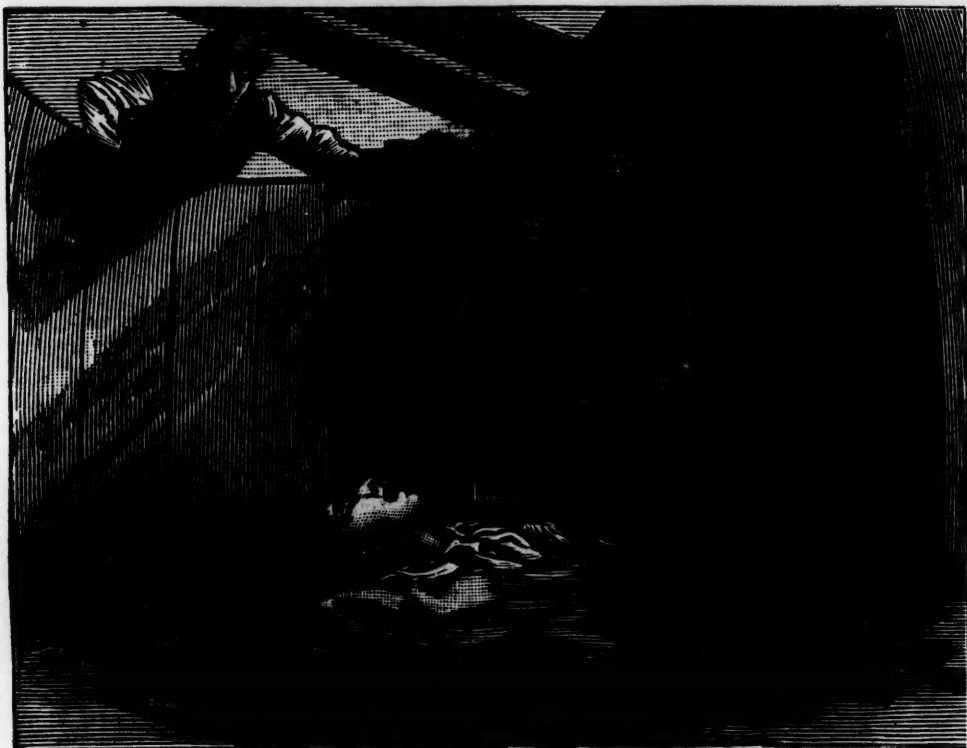
EDITOR A. H. SPINK,
THE GENTLEMAN WHO ATTENDS TO THE WANTS OF WEST-
ERN MEN OF SPORTING PROCLIVITIES.



EDITOR W. M. GRANT,
A GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA, MOULDER OF PUBLIC OPINION
AND MAN WITH A GET-THERE BRAIN.



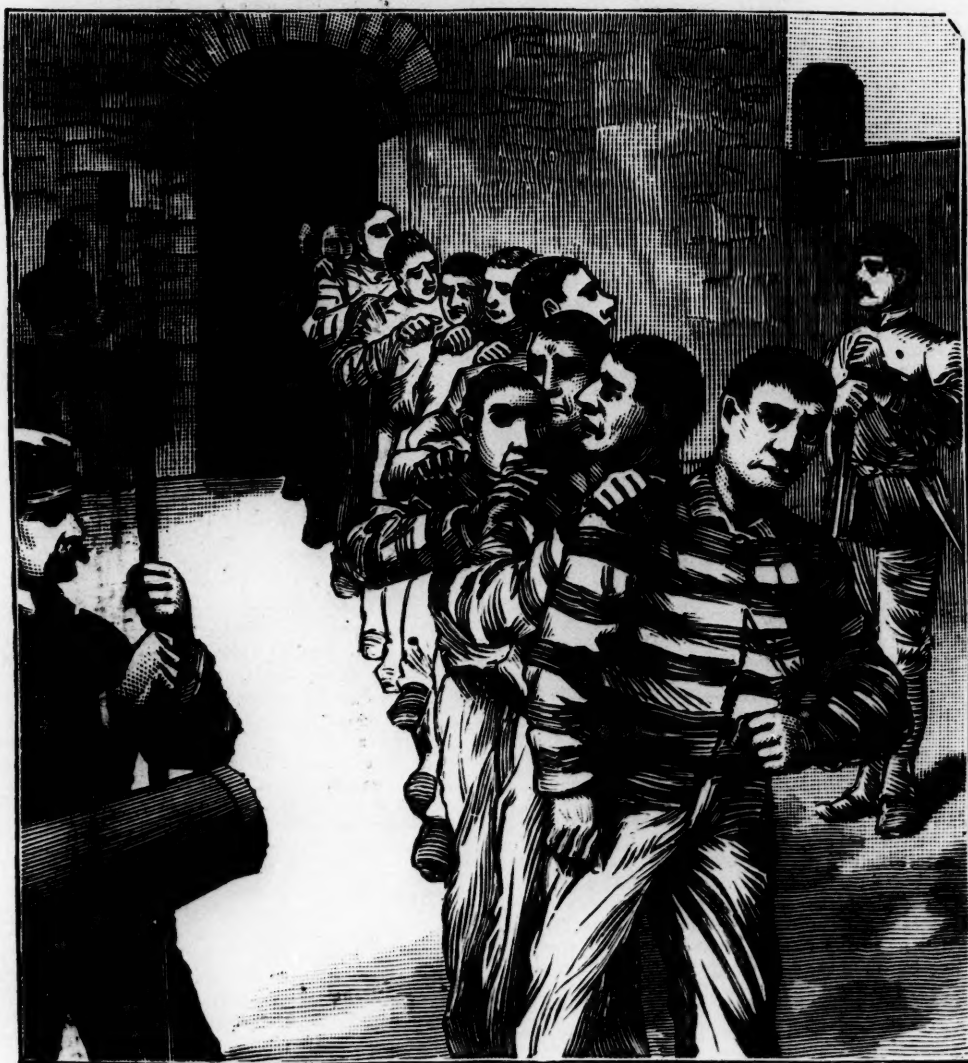
MANAGER CHARLES C. SPINK,
A ST. LOUIS MAN WHO IS AT THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE
WIDE-AWAKE JOURNALS OF THE WEST.



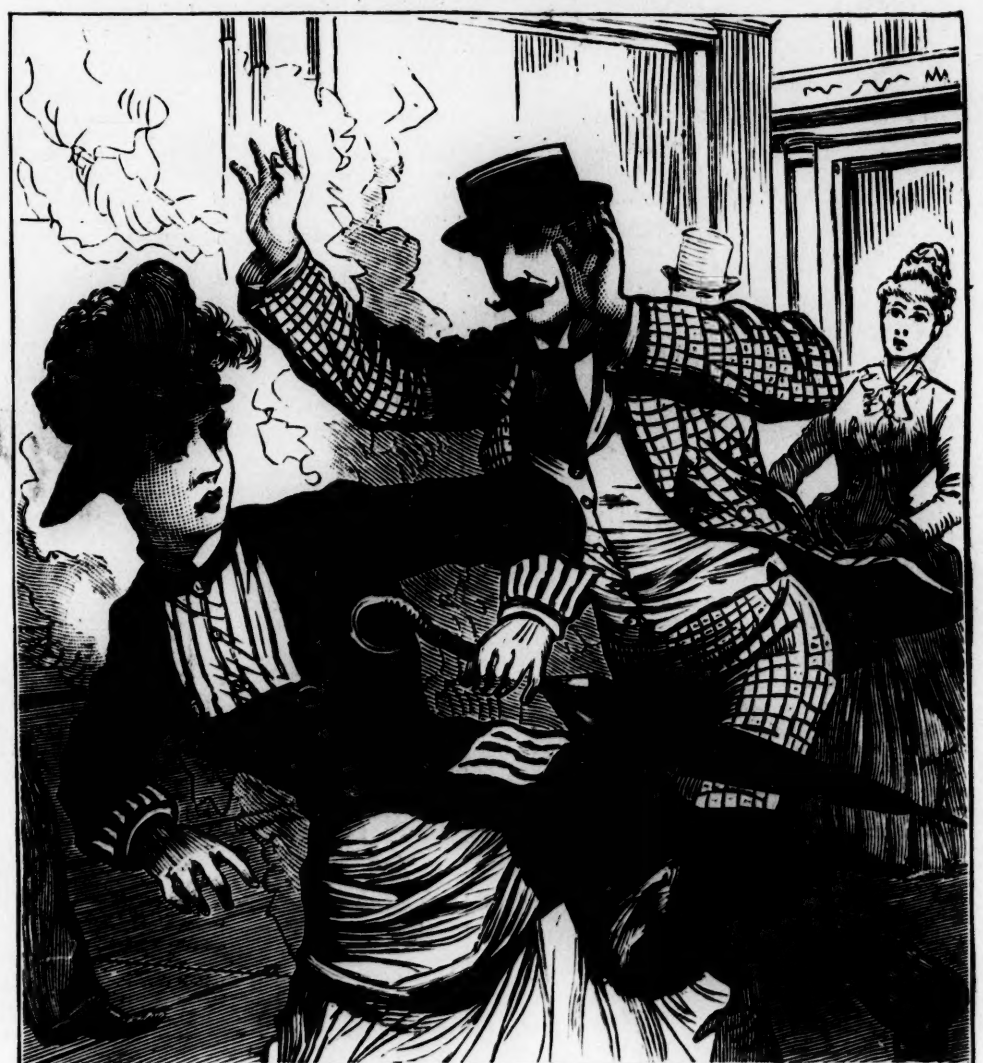
DROWNED IN A TANK OF OIL.
WILLIAM NUGENT OF LIMA, OHIO, FALLS INTO A PETROLEUM RECEPTACLE AND
IS DROWNED IN A HORRIBLE MANNER.



EDITORS FIGHT A DUEL.
MESSRS O. FACQUET AND A. T. NOQUIN, IN THIBODAUX, LA., HAVE A SHOOTING
MATCH IN WHICH NOQUIN IS KILLED.



CANNON BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THEM.
REVOLTING CONVICTS BROUGHT TO ORDER AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO, BY THE
MUZZLES OF LOADED ARMAMENT.



HER DRESS ON FIRE.
MRS. TOOKER OF EAST 116TH STREET, NEW YORK, IS SET AFIRE BY A GASOLINE
LAMP ON THE SIDEWALK ON BROADWAY.

GIANT GLADIATORS.

Baltimore's Boss Biffer
and Boston's Big,
Brawny Boy.

GIGANTIC GYMNASTICS.

Titans Training to Tackle
Thunderbolts Thrown
Toward Them.

PICKLING PERSONALITIES.

Kilrain's Kindly Knack
and Sullivan's Sedulous
Seductiveness.

BOTH BURSTING BULBOUS BAGS

Tales of Terrific Turmoil Told
in Truly Trenchant Terms.

NOW ONWARD TO NEW ORLEANS!

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

From where we sit it looks very much as if Jake Kilrain is going to win the big fight on July 8. Kilrain is jubilant and is anxious to meet the Boston Boy, and feels assured that when the fistie interview is over there will be no doubt as to who is the best man.

A reporter and an artist of the POLICE GAZETTE spent the latter part of last week with the champion, and this is what they saw:

Depicted before their gaze was the fightiest man in



THE CHAMPION DOING THE TRACK.

the world, who, if he were to permit himself to grow, might assume the proportions of a colossal alderman of legendary fame. Trained down Kilrain will weigh less than 200 pounds. They saw the exact opposite of a man who might be picked out as a prize fighter. His manners are as gentle as those of a woman, and in his every action Jake's is that of a gentleman, and he is so kind and gentle to those about him that he might, without any extraordinary stretch of the imagination, be likened to a great big Newfoundland dog whose every idea and action betokened good nature and a desire to benefit mankind.

Jake Kilrain lives with his family, consisting of his wife, sister and two bright children, a boy and a girl, at No. 1610 Division street, Baltimore. His home is a picture of domesticity, and those about him look upon him as a good and gentle father, husband and brother. He is a hero in their eyes, but above all he is a man that any family might prize as a faithful friend or relative.

JAKE KILRAIN'S HEADQUARTERS.

When our reporter and artist alighted from the train they were informed that the champion was taking a spin on the pike near Arlington, in the vernacular. A "right smart distance" up the road. The "right smart distance" proved to be about three miles, and thither the two knights of the pencil hurried. They finally met Kilrain and his trainers hurrying toward

Jake was in the advance and his trainers, Charley Mitchell and Johnny Murphy, the latter of whom, as is well known, recently broke his wrist in his debate with Cal McCarthy, were spurring him on to better



THE POLICE GAZETTE DIAMOND BELT.

efforts. Behind them was an admiring cortege of denizens of the balliwick and sporting men.

It was a scene worthy of the reporters' pencil or the artists' pen. Denizens of the divide rushed to the roadside and cheered the big fellow and his attendants as afterward they passed, and when they arrived in the city hundreds followed them as they passed through the streets. On the road Kilrain inadvertently dropped his handkerchief. It was torn into tatters, and the pieces were stowed away in pockets and fobs as souvenirs of the day.

On the following day the POLICE GAZETTE representatives accompanied Kilrain and his trainers to Halstead's Hotel, in Halstead, three miles from Baltimore. There the quintet proceeded to the training room, where Jake is dispelling his avoirdupois. The hotel is located in a charming spot without the city limits, and the surrounding country breathes of healthfulness and bracing ozone. Once in the room, Kilrain stripped, got down to his fine work, and gave a performed exhibition of his daily routine. The story has been told in these columns. What with boxing gloves, dumbbells, Indian clubs, bag-punching and a rubbing that might well wear holes in the cuticle of a less sturdy man, the big fellow is gradually slimming down to a desired standard.

Hundreds of people peered through the windows while this flesh-deteriorating seance was in progress, and then Charley Mitchell and Johnny Murphy called time. Then all repaired to Bair's half-mile track, where Kilrain sent the gravel flying behind him as he told off his eight miles.

Bair is no youngster in the sporting world, and knows exactly what a man like Kilrain wants. He is

was evidenced at this point. He obeyed every suggestion and desire of his attendants, and willingly coincided with every request.

On Sunday, acting in response to a dispatch from Frank Stevenson, Kilrain met Mr. Stevenson at the depot. Frank was accompanied by Professor Mike Donovan and others who were on their way to New Orleans to perfect arrangements for the fight. A twenty minutes' consultation ensued, and then on sped the train, and Kilrain repaired to his training quarters.

As the POLICE GAZETTE representatives left the champion he was in grand good humor, and was earnest in asseverations of a positive victory.

Ere this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE reaches the public eye Champion Kilrain, with prominent sporting men from nearly every city in the Union, will be well on his way to New Orleans, confident of victory.

In another column will be found reported the fact that the battle ground has been selected, and that the fact has been communicated to Sullivan and his backers.

Scarcely had Frank Stevenson and his party reached



IN A BALTIMORE HORSE CAR.

New Orleans and selected the battle ground when this pronouncement was issued:

KILRAIN AND SULLIVAN BATTLE.

NOTICE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Parties desirous of witnessing the great fistie battle between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, which takes place Monday, July 8, 1889, will



KILRAIN AND FRANK STEVENSON MEET.

the famed trainer and driver of the more than famed Maud S., and his track is replete with suggestions of the era of the fastest female in the world, among them being the famous wagon to which she made her record. Bair is a constant attendant of Jake, and lays great store by his prowess.

In a personal conversation with Kilrain he said: "I feel positive of winning this fight, and if ever a man felt in first-rate condition I'm that man. The change of climate between this and that of New Orleans will have no effect on me. All I ask is a fair, square fight, and I will realize the expectations of my friends."

When Mitchell and Murphy were asked regarding Kilrain's chances, they emphatically said that they had no fears in that respect.

Once through at Bair's, in Arlington, the party returned to Halstead's. On the road an amateur shower made the champion take water. A friendly blacksmith shop loomed up in the distance, and to this the coterie repaired. The sturdy smith was busily engaged blasting the affections of a heavy iron axletree with a twenty-pound hammer. He knew Jake, and in order to keep up his glow the latter hammered the glowing metal while the smith gripped the end with nippers, and playfully kept time with the music of



TIMING KILRAIN'S RUN.

the "Anvil Chorus," hummed by the POLICE GAZETTE representatives. The shower over, the procession started onward toward Halstead's, where, upon arriving, Kilrain was put to bed.

The imperturbability and childlikeness of his temper

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

ner and tea, and the number of miles he pushes behind him in his daily spins is somewhat marvelous. It is a matter of record that John L. considers himself something of a baseballist, and impromptu



THE PARTY ARRIVE IN NEW ORLEANS.

matches between picked nines of the famed pugilist's admirers, backers and friends are daily made for his benefit. Then he officiates in the box and sends hot liners straight in with a vehemence that puts a sulphuric glow on the intermediate atmosphere. Football games are also indulged in, and John L. kicks knotholes in the sky with the India-rubber sphere.

A miniature forest is located hard by the farm, and with an ax in his hardened hands John L. daily converts trees into toothpicks. His muscles are as hard as steel, and his hands are as tough as corrugated steel. This last result is attained as in Kilrain's case, by a daily pickling of his hands in strong brine.

The training quarters are located in equally as suitable a place as that near Baltimore, so far as rural environments and healthful atmosphere are concerned, and John L. Sullivan is being greatly benefited by them.

On Tuesday evening, June 25, arrangements were completed in the Brooklyn saloon of Charley Johnston, one of Sullivan's principal backers, for the special train in which John L. Sullivan, his backers and friends, were to journey to New Orleans on July 8. Messrs. Wakeley, Johnston and Lynch had secured a train which was to leave Weehawken over West Shore road at 8:15 on Sunday evening, June 30. John L. had made arrangements to join the party at Rochester on Monday afternoon, and the start for Cincinnati was to be made at 8 o'clock that evening. They were to rest in Cincinnati a few hours, and then go on through to New Orleans by way of the Queen and Crescent Road.

One of the cars contained a punching bag, dumbbells and other appliances, in order that the big fellow might be able to keep in shape on the road. The train picked up persons desirous of going with the party at different points along the route.

The national sporting topic in all parts of the world is the great fistie match between Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt, of which he became the possessor by John L. Sullivan refusing to enter the arena and battle for \$10,000 and the trophy in 1887, and John L. Sullivan, who won the championship of America by conquering Paddy Ryan, the Trojan Giant, in a battle for \$5,000 and the championship of America.

The match in which these modern gigantic gladiators of the nineteenth century are to contend against each other in the magic circle is for \$20,000—\$10,000 a side—(double the amount of any sum any two champions ever fought for), the "Police Gazette" champion belt, value \$2,500, and the championship of the world.

The battle is to be governed by the new rules of the London prize ring, and the fistie heroes will battle with nature's weapons unadorned, and neither will be confined to any specified weight, as in all matches or encounters for the heavy-weight pugilistic premier-ship there is no limit placed upon the weight of either the champion or his challengers, like battles for the middle, light and feather weight championships.

KILRAIN'S PERSONALITY.

Kilrain stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height, weighs trained 186 pounds. He is taller, bigger, more muscular, has a longer reach and is four months Sullivan's junior, and added to these advantages he is a splendid wrestler and thoroughly posted on the "hip-swing."



TAKING A DRIVE WITH BAIR.

cross-buttock and back-heel locks, which makes him a thorough pugilist. His position, science and judgment of distance are excellent, while he is a great tactician and cool and collected when facing an opponent.

Kilrain is a native of New York State. His mother was born in Athlone, Ireland, while his father is of Irish descent but is a native of Roxbury, Mass., which speaks for Kilrain's indomitable pluck and great stamina.

SULLIVAN'S MAKE UP.

John L. Sullivan will weigh about 193 pounds when trained down. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height. He is a scientific boxer, strong and muscular, and very active on his feet. He is not by any means an expert wrestler; at least he did not display any traits of knowing the first rudiments of wrestling when he fought Charley Mitchell in France, while his former opponent battling according to London prize ring rules, was severely criticised by experts as being far out of line, and when it was announced that he was matched for

Be sure you get the POLICE GAZETTE Nos. 619 and 620. The first will contain the fully illustrated account of the fight between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, and with the latter will be presented a double-page supplement, the "subject" of which will be a photograph of the men as they appear in the ring, taken at the scene of battle by our special artist, together with the full details of the battle. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher.

\$20,000 against Kilrain to battle for the championship of the world, the sporting men who witnessed his poor amateur display with Mitchell looked upon the matter as a joke.

HOW THE MATCH CAME ABOUT.

Ever since Jake Kilrain fought Jim Smith, England's champion, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond



JOHN L. AT THE PULLING MACHINE.

belt and the championship of the world, and the battle ended in a draw, owing to darkness, although Kilrain had decidedly the lead in the fighting from the commencement until the end of the contest, gaining first knock-down, first blood and first fall, Sullivan was eager to meet Kilrain, knowing that after his failure to defeat Charley Mitchell it was his only chance to regain his lost prestige. He was aware that Kilrain held the pride of place, and by his great battle with Smith, the best man in England (who John L. Sullivan on two occasions, when opportunity offered, failed to meet), would defend his title, and that he could be matched for any sum from \$5,000 to \$20,000. Sullivan interceded with a syndicate of sporting men to back him against Kilrain, and they agreed to furnish \$10,000 to match Sullivan against the champion.

On this fact being known, on August 13, 1888, Kilrain's backer deposited \$5,000 at the *Herald* office in Paris, and agreed to match Kilrain against John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world. On Sept. 23, 1888, a syndicate of sporting men covered the \$5,000 and agreed to match an unknown against Kilrain for the championship. It created considerable excitement, and the question was asked many times a day, in all kinds of sporting resorts, who the man would be the syndicate intended matching against the champion.

Kilrain's backer, who did not intend to be bluffed, determined to bring the matter to a speedy issue, and for this purpose deposited, on Oct. 1, \$2,500 in the *Sporting Life*, London, and \$2,500 with the New York *Clipper*, in addition to the \$5,000 in the Paris office of the New York *Herald*, making a total on deposit of \$10,000, and also stating that the stakes could be increased to \$20,000. Kilrain, who had been stopping at New Bedford, came to New York, ready and willing to make a match at any moment.

Kilrain insisted that the match should at once be ratified, or he would claim the money posted.

The backers of the unknown squealed, and Kilrain's backer drove them to the wall.

A cable was sent to make the match for \$5,000 a side and the championship, and Kilrain notified the syndicate that he would meet them at the *Clipper* office and sign articles. A previous meeting had been arranged at P. J. Sharkey's sporting house, at Thirteenth street and Fourth avenue, on Oct. 6, but the syndicate failed to put in an appearance. Another meeting between the "Police Gazette" champion's representatives and those of the unknown was arranged for Oct. 8, but mutually postponed until the 9th, when both parties met at the *Clipper* office and the following conditions were agreed to:

The battle to be fought in February; the stakes to be \$5,000 a side; the New York *Herald* to be the final stakeholder, and the stakes to remain in Paris with the stakeholder until won or lost by either; the contest to be for the championship of the world; the battle ground to be tossed for, and the party winning to name the place of meeting ten or twenty days before the date fixed for the men to meet, and then the unknown to be named; the referee to be selected at the ring side; both men to be in the ring between the hours of 8 A. M. and 10 A. M.

Mr. James Keenan was telegraphed for and arrived in New York Tuesday, Oct. 16, and together with Frank Stevenson, the champion Jake Kilrain, William E. Harding met the unknown's representatives at noon at a down-town resort, when Keenan, on behalf of the "Police Gazette" champion, made the following proposition:

That Kilrain's representatives go to any selected place and sign articles for the championship battle, provided that at the signing of the articles the unknown be named, and the referee and battle ground agreed upon. The proposition was discussed by the syndicate's representatives in private, when they finally came to Keenan and told him that they would agree to his proposition, and thereupon named the place of meeting for the signing of articles, the same to be at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, Can., at 12 o'clock noon.



SULLIVAN'S TRAINING QUARTERS.

The meeting was held, but nothing definite was done, owing to the fact that after Kilrain's party agreed to all the propositions made by the representatives of Sullivan the latter repudiated them.

It was then noised abroad that Kilrain could not find the sinews of war for a match with Sullivan. On Dec. 8, 1888, the sporting fraternity were startled by the announcement that John L. Sullivan, of Boston, had called at the *Clipper* office in New York city, posted \$5,000 and issued a challenge to meet Jake Kilrain, to battle according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$10,000 a side. The deft also stated that if the challenge was not accepted within two weeks Sullivan would claim the championship of the world, which title Sullivan, by his challenge, admitted that Kilrain held.

The challenge of the Boston gladiator created quite a sensation, and while many claimed it was only a bluff, others claimed that Kilrain would not accept and agree to do battle within a 24-foot ring for such a large sum.

On December 22, 1888, just when everybody but Kilrain's admirers believed there would be no match arranged, there was another startling episode connected with this great historical match.

The \$5,000 which the Sullivan syndicate had posted on Dec. 8 with a challenge to fight Kilrain was accepted by Kilrain, and \$5,000 deposited with the *Clipper*, covering Sullivan's money. The following is a copy of the champion's reply, which is concise and business-like, and shows that he means business, and will insist on meeting John L. for as much money as the syndicate are willing to put up:

EDITOR *CLIPPER*—Dear Sir: In reply to Mr. John L. Sullivan's challenge to meet me in the arena for \$10,000 a side and the championship of the world, please state that I am ready to meet Mr. Sullivan to battle for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world.

To prove I am in earnest and mean business, my friend and backer has deposited \$5,000 to-day with the proprietor of the *Clipper*, who I am willing shall be the final stakeholder. Myself or representative will be ready to meet Mr. Sullivan or his representatives any day they name, giving me due notice, outside the jurisdiction of the United States, to arrange a match.

Yours truly,

JAKE KILRAIN,
Champion of the World.

December 22, 1888.

As soon as it was transmitted by telegraph to all parts of the world that Kilrain had decided, not only to defend his title, but that the \$10,000 which Sullivan had challenged him to battle for would be put up, there was intense excitement in sporting circles, but still many believed there would be no match ratified. Later arrangements were made for the representatives of Sullivan and Kilrain to meet at the Rossin House, Toronto, to ratify the match. On January 7, 1889, John L. Sullivan and his backers, Charley Johnston and a large delegation were on hand. Kilrain was not, he had agreed to go to Toronto to meet Sullivan, and his party, but Chas. E. Davies objected because he had Mitchell and Kilrain engaged and billed to appear at Albany, N. Y. The representative of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, looked after Kilrain's interests with Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago. The great match was arranged in a room of the Rossin House.

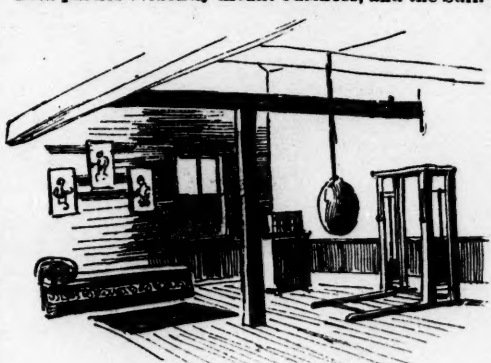
Sullivan sat on Chas. E. Davies' bed, for it was in Davies' room where the meeting was held, while Johnston sat in a chair, while Davies and Kilrain's other representative sat on a lounge. The newspaper men oc-



SULLIVAN AS A BASEBALLIST.

cupied positions in the centre of the room. Charley Johnston had been selected to do the match-making for Sullivan, while Kilrain's representative rejected and made proposals for the champion.

Both parties evidently meant business, and the Sulli-



INTERIOR OF TRAINING QUARTERS.

van party opened hostilities by asking who was doing business for Kilrain. On being informed he asked the party if he had full authority. Kilrain's representative pulled a paper from his pocket and said: "Look at this." The document set forth that the party representing Kilrain had full and complete authority to act for him in the matter, and was satisfactory to Johnston.

A long discussion followed, and it looked as if there would be no match.

Johnston earnestly urged New Orleans as the battle ground, and it was agreed upon, the Kilrain party afterward declaring that they were in favor of the Crescent City from the first, but were unwilling to show their hand.

The next wrangle was over the putting up of the final deposit, and the selection of a stakeholder and referee.

Kilrain's representative wanted the money put up in two deposits of \$2,500 each, and at the posting of the final deposit select the referee and final stakeholder.

Johnston claimed that it had always been customary to select the referee at the ring side, from Morrissey and Hyer down.

Kilrain's representatives knew this to be true, and knowing that there will be any number of men there capable of giving a fair and honest decision (they will not stand any unfairness in the South), Kilrain's party agreed to this point.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Johnston named the Dwyer Bros., of the famous Brooklyn racing confederacy, but no one knew whether they would accept if chosen, and they were dropped, too. There was no chance of an agreement on this point, and the conference decided to postpone it until the final deposit was put up.

Finally the articles of agreement were drawn up and signed by Sullivan and Kilrain's representative in a businesslike manner. The protocol states that the battle is to be decided within 200 miles of New Orleans, La., on Monday, July 8, and the final deposit of \$5,000 a side was posted on April 17, 1889, when a final stakeholder, Mr. Al Cridge, was selected.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION BELT—ITS HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION.

It has been the custom in England for the champions of the prize ring to have an emblem to represent their claim to the title, but until the past five years there never was a static emblem put up for competition to be held by a champion according to a code of rules until the "Police Gazette" champion belt was made and offered as the prize ring championship emblem. The "Police Gazette" champion belt was manufactured



SULLIVAN AS A FOOTBALLIST.

especially to be held by a static hero who was willing to defend the trophy against all challengers, and to battle for it according to the rules of the London prize ring, which govern all championship contests. John L. Sullivan and Paddy

Smith, the English champion, issued a challenge to fight Kilrain for \$5,000 a side, the belt and the championship of the world. The match was ratified, the battle fought, and the "Police Gazette" champion belt



WRESTLING WITH MULDOON.

became the recognized championship emblem of the prize ring, the same as the famous champion belt of England John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought for on April 17, 1880.

In arranging the match between Kilrain and Sullivan the latter objected to fighting for the trophy, but on the jurist of the P. R. deciding that he must contend for the trophy, he waived all objections and agreed to contend for the now historical emblem of the prize ring and the heavy-weight championship.

The following is a description of the trophy: The "Police Gazette" champion belt which Jake Kilrain, the holder, and John L. Sullivan are to battle for in addition to the large stakes of \$20,000, is 50 inches long and 3 inches wide, and weighs about 200 ounces in solid silver and gold. The design of this marvelous work of art is entirely different from any prize ring belt that was ever offered in this country or in Europe, and in intrinsic value has never been equaled. The work is laid out by solid silver plates and flexible woven silver chains, fortunately, so that the belt, notwithstanding its great and ponderous weight and size, can be adjusted to the body and worn with ease. The plates are richly ornamented with solid gold figures, and one of these ornaments is so made that a likeness of the winner can be put in a gold frame encircled by a solid gold laurel wreath suspended from the bill of a full-winged eagle. The centre of the belt represents a prize ring, with two men facing each other in fighting attitude. The whole of this part is solid gold. The men are represented in full ring costume.

EDITORS FIGHT A DUEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A shooting affair occurred recently in Thibodaux, La., between Mr. O. Faquet, editor of the *Comet*, and Mr. A. T. Noquin, editor of the *Sentinel*. The difficulty arose over the *Sentinel* stating that Faquet had got drunk at a picnic. Faquet demanded an apology, which was refused, so when the two editors met they opened fire on each other. Noquin received wounds from which he died an hour later, and Faquet was wounded in the head, but not dangerously hurt.

HER DRESS ON FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Tooker, of No. 133 East 118th street, had a narrow escape from death recently. She was walking along Broadway, New York, when her dress brushed against a lighted gasoline lamp, which had been left on the sidewalk by an employee of the Brush Electric Light Company, and in an instant she was on fire. A gentleman rushed up to her and soon had the fire out, but not until the skirt of the dress was almost burned off and Mrs. Tooker had been well singed and frightened.

LUCKY CANADIANS RECEIVE \$5,000 EACH.

A Stroke of Fortune.

Mr. H. J. H. Fauteux, who held one-twentieth of ticket No. 38,847 in the Louisiana State Lottery—the number that drew the second capital prize of \$100,000 in the drawing of May 14—has received the sum of \$5,000 in good, hard cash.

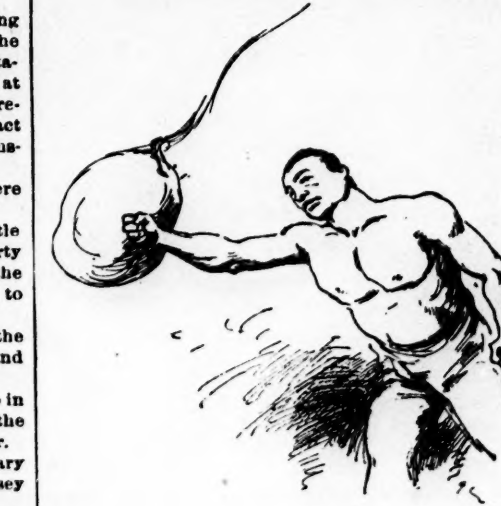
Mr. Fauteux has been for twenty-four years book-keeper for the Montreal Gas Company. He is also one of the cornetists in the city band. He has taken chances only twice in the Louisiana State Lottery.

The first time, two months ago, he invested \$1, and the following month \$2. This stroke of fortune has not caused Mr. Fauteux to become inaccessible to his friends. He neither talks of leaving the gas company nor of taking stock in the electric light. He is convinced that the Louisiana State Lottery is an institution that keeps its promises, and that its drawings are conducted in good faith.—*Montreal (Que.) Le Monde*, June 3.

\$5,000 in a Day is how Mr. M. L. Toohill Designates his good Fortune.

Having learned that Mr. M. L. Toohill, of the Reeve House, was the winner of \$5,000 in the May drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, a reporter of *The Age* interviewed that gentleman Tuesday. In reply to questions, Mr. Toohill answered that he did hold one-twentieth of ticket No. 38,847, which drew the Second Capital Prize of \$100,000, and that he had received his money, \$5,000. Being further interrogated, Mr. Toohill stated that he drew an extra \$5, at the same drawing, and had previously drawn about \$30, and that he was perfectly satisfied that the drawings are done on a square basis, and payments made to the holders of lucky numbers as quickly as the mails can carry them. These are the plain facts of the case, and, from Mr. Toohill's papers and remarks, the reporter left fully satisfied that Mr. Toohill was richer by \$5,000, and if any one doubts the statement, they have only to call upon that gentleman, when they will be fully convinced that the above is correct in every particular.—*Strathling (Ont.) Age*, June 6.

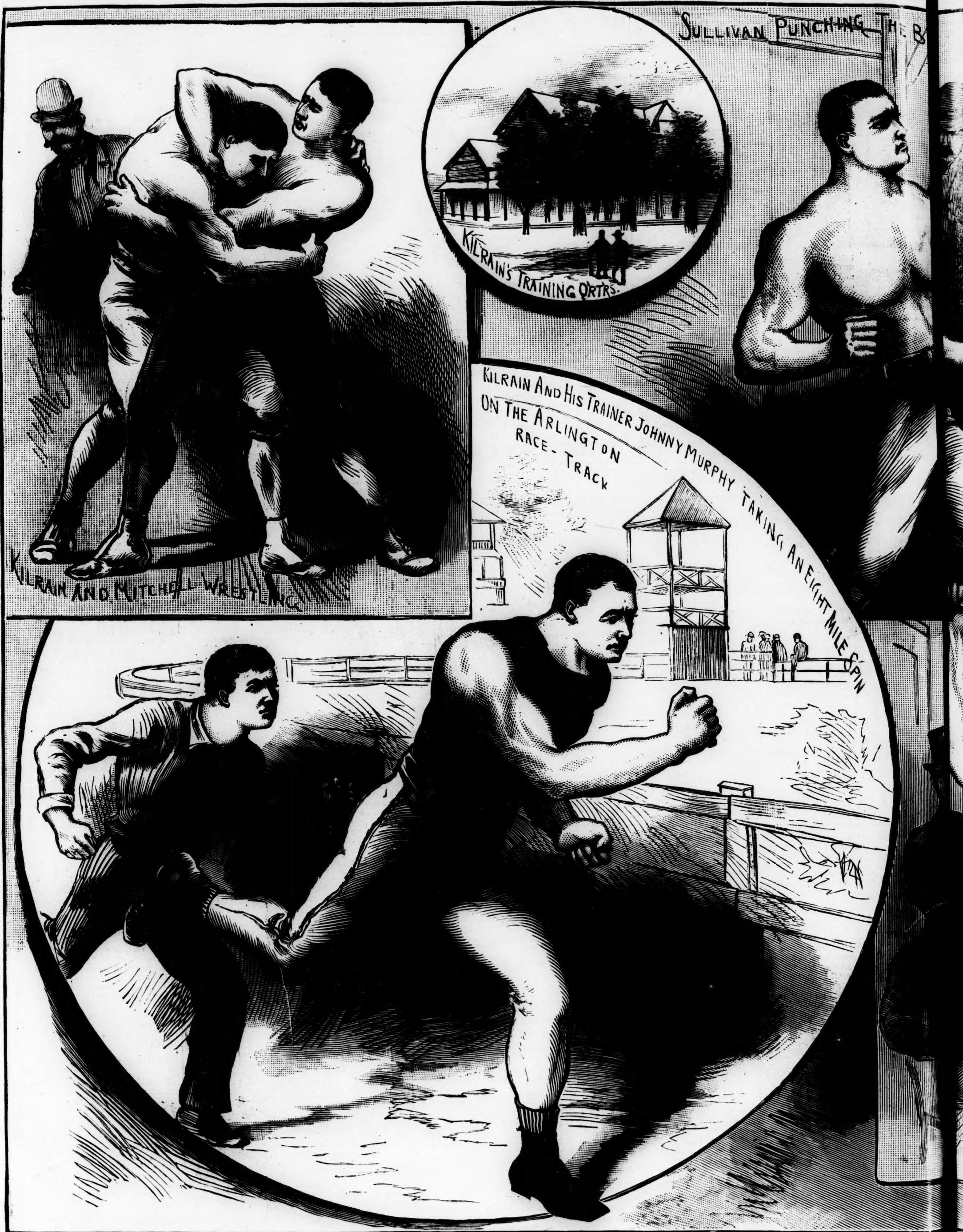
Be sure you get the *POLICE GAZETTE* Nos. 619 and 620. The first will contain the fully-illustrated account of the fight between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, and with the latter will be presented a double-page supplement, the subject of which will be a photograph of the men as they appear in the ring, taken at the scene of battle by our special artist, together with the full details of the battle. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.



HITTING THE BAG.

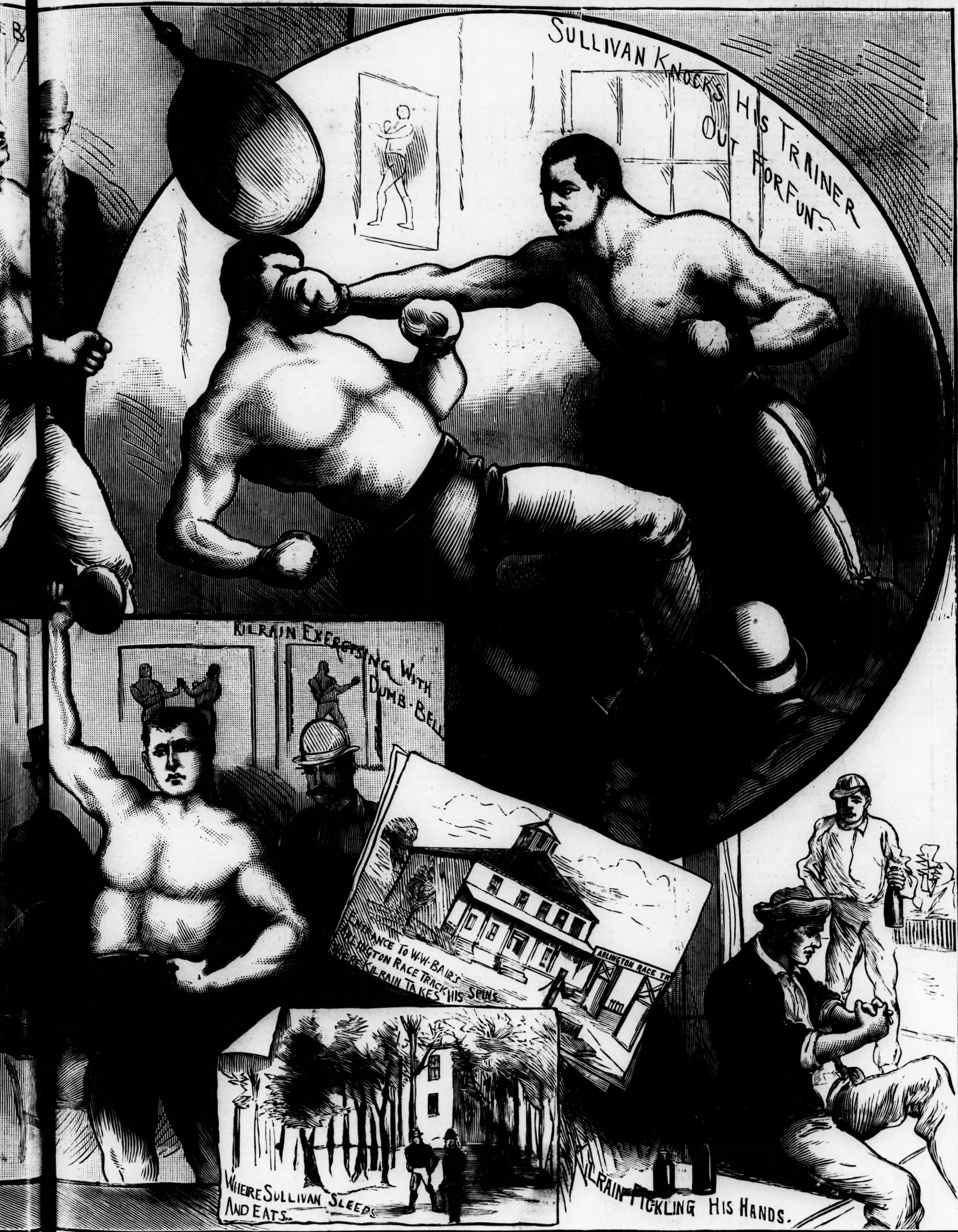
and the trophy, but although every fair inducement was made to bring the champion and non-champion together, Kilrain was declared champion, and in August, 1887, he was presented with the "Police Gazette" champion belt at Baltimore, Md.

On receiving the trophy, he announced his intention of defending it against all challengers. Later, Jim



THE BIG FELLOWS IN TRAINING

WHAT JAKE KILRAIN AND JOHN L. SULLIVAN HAVE BEEN DOING TO GET T



NING THEIR RESPECTIVE QUARTERS.

ET T LIVES IN TRIM FOR THE COMING FIGHT NEAR NEW ORLEANS ON JULY 8.

JONAH WHISKERS.

What's the Matter with Fining Cranky Umpires?

"JUNE'S" JUICY JOKES.

London has the Bauswine. Chicago has finally discovered that their mascot was a Jonah.

Pittford is a mighty nice fellow, but he was too clever for Waco, so they let him have plenty of rope and he hung himself.

Billy Barnes feels confident that he has a promising young pitcher in Whitaker, whom the Galveston club are now getting in good shape for him.

It is hard to tell what the League will do in reference to the classification rule. There are about six of the eight clubs decidedly in favor of it. While, on the other hand, it is bitterly opposed by the Brotherhood. A compromise of some sort will have to be struck within a very short period, as the matter is coming to a crisis. It is an easy thing to surmise what the League would like to do; but the Brotherhood now has the bull by the horns, and it is hardly likely they will permit themselves to be goaded.

The swelling has been removed to a large degree from the head of Manager Watkins.

Carlin is all right, only he missed his calling when he started out as an umpire.

Lemmon has left Dayton and gone to Lafayette, where the squeaking is not quite so hard.

Pittsburgh has a couple of exploded phenomena that can be had at a very reasonable figure.

It would not take over fifty thousand dollars to purchase the release of Mickey Hughes from the Brooklyn club. He is a good pitcher when in form, but the question is "how long will it take him to get in form?"

We do not know whether Burdock is or is not full of ginger, but we do know there is a vast improvement in the New Haven club since he has taken hold. This is, of course, a black eye for Harry Spence.

Anybody who thinks the New Yorks are not in the pennant race do not know much about baseball. They are a club who never get warmed up to their work till after the 4th of July; but when they do settle down, then stand from under, for they are going to make the fur fly. The Bostoners are not slouches by long odds, and they show their good judgment by saying that the New Yorks are the only team in the arena that they actually fear.

His Whiskers is no longer captain of the Cincinnati club. The club did not play winning ball, and the management took it for granted that Mr. Beard was a Jonah; so they chucked him into the swim, and now they are giving Tebeau an opportunity to show his ability as a mascot.

It is thought that Davidson's glorious career as a baseball manager is rapidly drawing to a close. He has made a record for himself that will go down to posterity among disciplinarians of the 4th order.

Milwaukee has given Herr a good chance to fatten up without pay and see how the old thing works.

It is claimed that Sutton has made some serious blunders in his handling of the Milwaukee club. Old and experienced players do not always make successful managers.

Rosch showed his good common sense by making a bee line for his home in New Hampshire the moment he was released by the Galveston club. This thing of hanging around in hope of a charity benefit is becoming monotonous.

Omaha has a good man in Clark, and Manager Selee seems to be well aware of that fact.

Therefore, all the tempting offers made by the Indianapolis club failed to induce him to part with this star pitcher.

Larry McKeon is extremely popular in Indianapolis, where he has many charming acquaintances. There are a few of them who would like very much to see him at present; but he does not seem to be aware of that fact. It is the old, old story—that there is a lady in the case.

There is scarcely a ball player throughout the country who, when he gets too old for active service, does not imagine he is thoroughly qualified to become a manager or an umpire. The Cincinnati club liked Burke to the extent of \$1,000, but the bat was not sufficiently tempting to the Toronto club.

Tim Keefe is once more himself, and the League batsmen are rapidly discovering that he is still the king pin of the twirlers.

Billy Quinn, once more on the Association staff, will probably succeed League Umpire Barnum.—St. Louis Sporting News. We do not catch on. Please explain.

They say Bob Metzger has them, and would like to get on some first-class club. We can't recommend him, as we are unable to tell whether it is the Jimjams or the curves that the young man has.

The Athletics. In order to coax the people to see their games, hire a band of music to give a concert each day before the game.

Jim Whitney, who had an idea that he was one of the very few twirlers in the arena, and put on more airs about playing in Washington than a country stud horse, is on the verge of being released by the Indianapolis club. It does not take a vast amount of free hitting to knock the conceit out of a pitcher's head.

A Western journalist writes that the New York Giants will have new grounds near the old Polo park. He came just exactly forty-five blocks of being right.



Gaffney is putting up a pretty big game of bluff in order to secure an increase of salary. It is hardly likely, however, that it will work, as the men he is playing it upon have been there before, many a time.

While it was very kind of the Chicago people to present Umpire Curry with a fine big pound cake, the gift was not appreciated. The fact is Captain Anson should be severely censured for permitting such an outrage to occur upon the Chicago grounds. That is an insult that Chicago people should be ashamed to have had occur in their city. There is nothing funny about it, and the League should ask why the Chicago club did not protect Mr. Curry.

The once great and only phenomenal Smith, the man who always yelled "Murder! I'm not supported," the moment he was hit hard, has dropped into obscurity again and is now pitching for a little country club up in Connecticut.

Charley Sweeney has been a long time going down the toboggan slide, but he is now in a fair way to reach the end, as the Stockton (California) club has been obliged to suspend him for insubordination. Charley was once one of the king-pin pitchers of the country while he played with the Providence club.

Porter's head is not so large now as it was a few years ago.

When he was with the Brooklyn club they used to have to take down a section of fence to get his head into the ball park. Now, however, since he has drifted down into a minor league club they do not even have to open the gate for him, as he slips through the cracks the boys cut into the fence to peep at the game.

It is said that the worst misfortune that could befall the Hubbles would be an injury to Clarkson or Radbourne. A little thing like this would not amount to a row of pins in the American Association. No one would waste their time brooding over a thing of this sort. But the active lives they lead, the brilliant style in which they play ball, and with the general get up and go ahead about them, they would settle a little matter of this sort before sundown on the first day it would be presented to them. Misfortune? Why, such a thing would be a benefit, and they could not cripple the men quick enough.

Chamberlain says he took cold and it has settled in his shoulder, and he will be all right in a few days. Probably the youth is not aware that the feeling which he is trying to explain away is the same peculiar sensation that every pitcher has experienced whose arm has been thrown out. That sharp, stinging pain which comes stealing into the pitching shoulder is something that is not gotten rid of in a few days' time.

Titcomb, who was released by the New Yorks as utterly useless, has turned out to be the star pitcher of the International Association. There is just such a thing as an error of judgment.

Washington has had a delicate sufficiency of playing two games in one day for the same admission. They tried it once, but will never do so again, as there are too many icicles in their town, and it is doubtful if they could thaw them if they gave them free admission and sent a conveyance after them.

Umpire Fossenden asked Billy Nash, during a game in Pittsburgh, if he could sing tenor. Nash replied in the affirmative, when Fossenden said: "All right, sir, I will notify President Young to that effect."

There are just about seven clubs in the American Association, whose officials have their serious doubts as to whether the fines will hold good which Mr. Davidson has inflicted upon the Louisville players. If the matter should be taken into court.

Some of the International League players seem to consider Buffalo as being a "Jonah" town. They do not, however, take into consideration that their own poor work has all to do with their ill success.

Pittsburg is of the opinion that with their "Beam" they can strengthen their club.

"Mikado" Flynn has been hitting the bottle much harder this spring than he has been hitting the ball, and it has made the management of the Galveston club very jealous. If he does not reverse matters it is liable to cause him an endless amount of trouble, as all hands are on to his numerous errors, and he had better take a drop before it is too late.

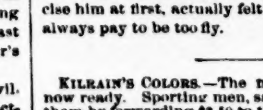
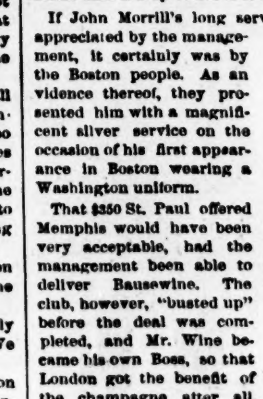
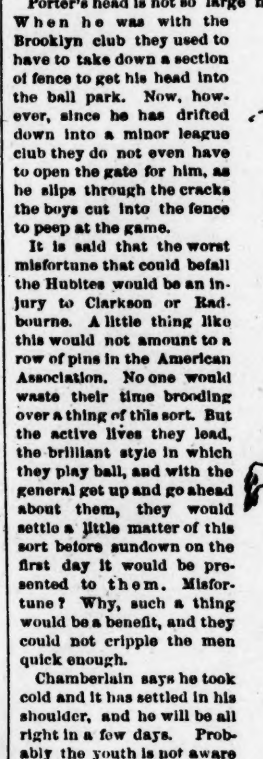
If John Morrill's long service with the Boston club was not appreciated by the management, it certainly was by the Boston people. As an evidence thereof, they presented him with a magnificent silver service on the occasion of his first appearance in Boston wearing a Washington uniform.

That \$350 St. Paul offered Memphis would have been very acceptable, had the management been able to deliver Bausewine. The club, however, "busted up" before the deal was completed, and Mr. Wine became his own boss, so that London got the benefit of the champagne after all.

Manager Harry Wright says his man Ward was suffering from stage fright. From the style in which he went to pieces it looked to us as though something had gone up into his neck. The trouble with that youth was that he tried to beat the New York Ward all out of sight, and in doing so he was rather inclined to be extremely fresh, but when his bottom fell out he made such a dismal failure that those who were inclined to criticize him at first, actually felt sorry for the poor kid. It does not always pay to be too fly.

"JUNE"

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and there can obtain them by forwarding \$5.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



ASHTON'S CHALLENGE.

He Wants to Fight Pete Jackson, of Australia.

SPORTING NEWS FROM ALL OVER.

P. J. Donohue will represent the "Press" (N. Y.) at the Kilrain-Sullivan fight.

Stapleton, S. I., has a bantam in Jack Hannon who can find backing in that town of from \$50 to \$150.

Clip Baker, the Seventh ward light-weight, has challenged young McGrath, of Brooklyn, to a finish match for \$20 or \$100 a side.

Young Barrett wants to meet Swipes the Newsboy at 115 pounds, give or take 2 pounds, to a finish, under Queensberry rules, and asks Swipes to name a place to complete arrangements.

Frank Bosworth, a down-east engineer, who has fought the Marine twice and Jack Ashton once, wants to get at some of the Western fighters. He announces that he will fight anybody at 155 pounds.

Dan O'Brien says he will meet Bill Lackin of Fulton Market with skin gloves or bare knuckles, to a finish, for \$50 a side or a purse. Lackin can address him care T. Fells, Henry and Jackson streets.

Billy Eikes, of Saratoga, and Jack McGee, of Jersey City, fought for \$100 a side and gate receipts on June 26, at Saratoga. McGee was knocked out in the seventh round. About 50 sports witnessed the affair, paying \$2 a head.

The fight between Johnny Griffin and Tommy Warren, which was to have taken place under the auspices of the California Athletic Club on June 23, has been postponed until July 12 on account of injuries received by Warren while exercising.

Greek George and Captain Williams gave an exhibition of wrestling on horseback at the Academy of Music, Albany, June 24. The contest was Greco-Roman style, best 5 out of 9 falls. Williams won two falls, and George five falls and the match.

Wm. O'Connor, the Canadian sculler, and his manager, Frederick Mossop, sailed for England June 24 in the Germanic. O'Connor and Searle, the Australian champion, will row on the Thames in September for \$5,000 a side and the world's championship.

Gus Tuthill, who acquired sporting prominence as the backer of Jack Dempsey, and afterward put up money for Jack Fogarty, is anxious to bet on Dempsey in his coming fight with La Blanche. He can be found at room 410, Consolidated Exchange building.

Yale beat Harvard in the Varsity race at New London, June 24, by more than five lengths. Yale's time, 31:20; Harvard's, 21:55. This is the fourteenth annual eight-oared, four-mile race between Yale and Harvard. Yale has won eight and Harvard six.

Frank Murphy has left Boston for "Frisco," having been accepted by the California Athletic Club as a substitute for Ike Weir in the match with Billy Murphy, of Australia. The meeting is for a purse of \$1,800—\$1,500 to the winner—and is set for the end of July.

The Monmouth Park Racing Association, Long Branch, N. J., open the season of 1889 on July 4. Racing will continue every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday up to Aug. 17. Races begin at 2 P. M. July 4, other days at 2:30 P. M. Eight events are on the card for July 4.

Johnny Reagan will leave for San Francisco on Thursday, Aug. 15, which will give him plenty of time to train for his battle with Young Mitchell in October at the California Club. He will be accompanied by his trainer, Alf Powers, who has handled him in every fight except one—that with Dempsey, in which Reagan met defeat. Johnny winds up his letter by saying: "I am going to try hard to win."

Jimmy Carroll, the Brooklyn middle-weight pugilist, has concluded to accept the last offer of the Southern California Athletic Club. This offer, made through the POLICE GAZETTE, is one of a \$1,500 purse for a finish fight between Carroll and Joe Ellingsworth, to take place about Aug. 30. Carroll will leave for the Pacific Coast early in July, and Dick Toner will go with him as trainer. The club will allow Carroll \$250 out of the purse for expenses.

Jack Ashton has issued a challenge to Peter Jackson, the colored champion. Billy Madden, who has become Ashton's manager, deposited \$500 as a forfeit for a match for \$2,500 or \$5,000. Ashton says that he wants to fight the colored champion with bare knuckles, as that is the only way of thoroughly testing the relative superiority of pugilists. He also wants the match to be arranged on the basis that the winner takes all the money. Madden said that there would be a big lump of money from gate money, as arrangements could be made with the railroads to transport excursion parties to the fighting ground. Jackson is now on his way East, and his reply can be secured in a few days.

Peter Jackson, of Australia, the famous colored pugilist, recently appeared at the Theatre Comique, Minneapolis. The theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity with an appreciative crowd of spectators, who cheered the massive Australian, Peter Jackson, to the echo when he stepped forth from behind the scenes, after having been introduced by Prof. John Donaldson. The exhibition consisted of a four-round sparring contest between Jackson and Tom Lees. It was an easy matter to perceive how well shaped Jackson is for a fighter. His arms, fastened to his body in monstrous shoulders, are exceedingly long, and standing as he does in sparring, it seems almost impossible for an ordinary man to get near him. As has been said regarding him—hundreds of times, he moves about the ring seemingly without effort yet very swiftly, being exceedingly shifty on his feet. Though he is a terrific hitter he seems to make no effort in sending in his blows. In his bout his headwork was a noticeable feature. When Lees rushed at him he seemed to have a dozen places to land selected, and before the brush was over he had landed on them all. A reporter had a chat with Jackson. "There is one thing I would speak to you about," said he. "That is the manner in which Kilen has acted toward me and talked about me. When a friend suggested to him in a roundabout way that he ought to fight me, or something to that effect, Kilen replied: 'When I get ready to fight dogs, pigs and coons, I will give Jackson first chance.' I had not insulted him. I consider the color of the skin is no mark for jests, and even though I am colored, I consider I am as good as any gentleman."

STEVENSON IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Battle Ground Fixed and all Going Well For the Coming Fight.

Frank Stevenson who had the good luck to win the toss for choice of battle ground for Jake Kilrain, has selected the site for the great battle of July 8 for \$20,000 in stakes and the "Police Gazette" championship belt. As is customary in all championship fights, so in this, did the articles stipulate that the party losing the toss for choice of grounds must be notified of the time and place ten days before the date fixed for the meeting. June 27 the ten day limit was up, and, in accordance with the agreement, Stevenson sent word to Sullivan's backers of the site he had chosen. No public announcement will be made of where the men will come together. Tips to the fight can be procured on July 7, at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La. They will be \$10 each. A telegram to the POLICE GAZETTE from Kilrain's representative states that the battle will come off without interference as arranged, on July 8.

A FIGHT IN BERGEN COUNTY, N. J.

Bill Hook, the English Light-Weight, Knocked Out by Jimmy Larkins.

Bill Hook, the English light-weight, and Jimmy Larkins, the Jerseyman, fought in Bergen county, N. J., on Thursday night. It was just 10:10 when lights were brought, and the fun began. Ed Holake walked around the ring with both fists full of money. He wanted odds of \$100 to \$80. He couldn't get them and finally took even money. Twenty bets of from \$25 to \$100 were made that way when the fighters stepped into the ring.

Every one looked at Hook first. He stood 5 feet 3 inches. His body was large, and his shoulders broad. His legs were good and strong. His arms were knotted with muscles that looked hard as rocks. He wouldn't tell how old he was. He weighed 123 pounds, but he looked as though he weighed 150. Larkins was of an altogether different build. He was 5 feet 6 1/2 inches tall. His trapezoid, though, stood out like whipcords, and his legs were strong. He weighed 123 pounds. Chappy Moran



LARKIN'S NOSE-STINGER.

and Prof. Billy Hart were behind him. George Young and Tommy Barnes were behind Hook, and when Holake had bet all his money he took off his coat and sat behind him to give him points. The gloves were kid, with the fingers cut off at the knuckles. A prominent New York sporting man was chosen referee. Dominick McCaffrey acted as timekeeper for Larkins, and Gus Tuthill for Hook.

It was 10:25 when time was called, and at that time nearly \$2,000 had been bet at the ring side. Hook squared off and looked wicked. Larkins smiled and looked mild until Hook's right shot out and landed on his jaw. He had been instructed to let the other man do the fighting, but that blow riled him, and he left found a resting place with the force of a pile driver in Hook's stomach, and his right landed on Hook's chin. In the space of ten seconds Larkins landed seven times on Hook's face. They were blows that counted, too, and one of his friends jumped into the ring and shouted that he would bet \$100 to \$50 on Larkins. Hook got in one blow on Larkins' nose that started the blood. Larkins landed left and right on Hook's nose and sent him spinning against the ropes. He followed him up and sent him to grass with a left hand stomach punch. Holake was excited and Hook was rattled. Holake yelled to Larkins to take his corner. Hook got up a little groggy but plucky. Larkins landed



HOOK GETS IT ON THE EYE.

on his mouth and got away without a return. There was no sparring for wind. They went at each other like game cocks. Larkins always having the best of it. There was a lump on Hook's eye when time was called. He was bleeding from the nose and puffing like a steam engine. Larkins did not have a mark on him, but the fast fighting made him breathe hard. One hundred dollars to \$25 was offered by the Jerseymen, but the Philadelphians had lost faith in their terror, and had no sporting blood left.

When time was called for the second round Hook had recovered somewhat, and started to fight. That made Holake mad, and he growled, "Let him do the leading, Bill." Just at that moment Hook led with his left and landed on Larkins' stomach. That was the last hard blow he struck. Larkins' fists went with terrific force, and they landed every time on Hook's face or stomach. Twice Hook went down. When he got up Larkins sent him to the ropes. Hook was game, but was clearly beaten. He struck out in fairly good shape, but his blows lacked force. Two minutes of the round had been consumed with the hottest kind of work when Larkins landed his left on Hook's chin, and his right followed it with terrific force, and found a resting place on the whipped man's jugular. Hook



LARKIN'S FAMOUS UNDERCUT.

grazed him around, and fell flat on his face and stomach, his arms stretched out over his head. He was knocked out, and lay there while the timekeeper counted the seconds.

Larkins' friends shouted. The Philadelphians shoved their hands down in their pockets and looked tired. Holake leaned over the ropes and begged Hook to get up. There was no get up in him, though. Five seconds' grace was allowed him. He did not move then, and his seconds went over and picked him up, while Larkins' friends crowded into the ring. Some of them grabbed him and hugged and kissed him, they were so happy. Hook did not come to for a minute and a half, and he wanted more fight. He cried when he learned that Larkins had been declared the winner. Larkins got a hat and went around in the crowd and collected \$50 for the defeated man.

Be sure you get the POLICE GAZETTE Nos. 619 and 620. The first will contain the fully-illustrated account of the fight between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, and with the latter will be presented a double page supplement, the subject of which will be a photograph of the men as they appear in the ring, taken at the scene of battle by our special artist, together with the full details of the battle. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

THE BIG FELLOWS.

"Referee" on Training Fighters for the Ring.

HORSE RACING EXTRAORDINARY.

Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist, after his arrival from England, went into training at Halstead's, Pinelco avenue, Baltimore, under the mentorship of Charley Mitchell. Kilrain's headquarters were at first at an old farmhouse in which a gymnasium had been fitted up, including a shower bath arrangement, spraying tube and punching bag. As Kilrain has always been a temperate man, he will be all the more easily gotten into condition.

When he began active training he weighed 308 pounds. The same night he weighed in at 302. The next day the work was lightened, and he lost but half a pound. The order of work is as follows: At 6 A. M. a limbering-up walk is taken extending about a mile out and back, returning to breakfast at 7. This meal consists of a chop, weak tea, boiled egg and dry toast.

After breakfast he has his hands and face pickled with a secret preparation to harden the flesh. This over the long tramp begins, extending about eight miles out and back in a wester. A salt water bath awaits them on their return. Kilrain receiving a hand rubbing both before and after the bath. Dinner comes next, and consists of broiled chicken, bread and greens. No other vegetables are eaten, because they are fattening.

A pint of ale and a short rest follow the dinner, after which there is a half-mile walk, which is in turn followed by club and bell exercise and punching the bag. The supper is much the same as breakfast, and about 9 the pugilist retires for the night.

As Kilrain has sparred with the best boxers in this country, he needs but little instruction in that line. At odd times, however, Kilrain practices wrestling with Mitchell, in order to keep his hand in. Most pugilists while in training become irritable, but this is not the case with Kilrain. He is genial, always in spirits, takes interest in the surroundings and thoroughly appreciates the fact that every hour brings him nearer the great fight.

Only the initiated understand the necessity of physical training, and those who read about pugilists training little dream of the terrible hardships and privations that they have to undergo during the four or six weeks they are daily exercising with dumbbells, running, walking and sweating themselves in order to reduce superfluous weight.

The hardest part of a horse race or a flat encounter is the course of training the jockey or the pugilist has to undergo in order to either fight at weight or ride at stipulated limit.

Here is the opinion of an expert on the subject under consideration: "Beneficial athletic training is nothing but a building-up process of the nerves and muscles. Every man starts with a certain quantity of each, and if he wishes to add to his supply he should not waste his capital by taking hard practices, but must let out enough simply to attract more. The main question with athletes are: How often shall I practice? How much shall I take, and how am I to know when to stop? These are pretty hard questions to answer, for men vary so in the amount of exercise they can take.

"As for the amount of exercise for most men to take, I should say that it is a question that can be solved by themselves in a better way than others can do it for them. Growing strong and active is merely cultivating the muscles as far as the nervous system will permit, or so that both that and the muscular system are equal to each other.

This condition is called the balancing point, and, having reached it, if you keep on exercising in the attempt to develop your muscles further, you will have passed the balancing point and become stale. If, on the other hand, you realize that you are in as good condition as is possible with you, and feel tired about doing too much and ease up in your practice, you will then fall back down the path which you have ascended. A man should learn to be his own judge in these matters, for he can easily tell how he feels.

"Do not exert yourself in practice, but leave the effort for the competition. In this way you give the muscles the necessary work without tiring them. This is the main point for thought, and if well understood will solve the question of how much exercise one should take. Plenty of light work is far better than a little of heavy work.

"Three or four times a week is considered often enough for most men to practice, but it all depends upon the amount of exercise taken at a time. So long as a man feels well and strong, it will not matter if he is taking hard practice every day. In extremely hot weather one should not train much, but the same advice about feeling like exercise will apply then as in ordinary weather.

"The diet is not important enough to think of, and anything that is usually on your table will do. If you made athletics your business, it might pay to have special dishes of plain cooking served, but the difference in the effect on you between any dish that could be prepared and your ordinary fare would be so slight that you are better off without the inconvenience.

"After exercise the throat is apt to be dry, caused somewhat by the increased breathing with your mouth open. The temptation then is to pour down fluid enough to deluge the supposed thirst. If you wait a little while you will not be so thirsty as you thought you were, except in hot weather, when you may be continually thirsty. It is not considered good to drink too much of anything, for a great deal of fluid deadens one.

"Estables and drinkables are of little account as compared with exercise and rest. Rest does not necessarily mean sleep, nor does exercise simply include work in a gymnasium or on a field. If you walk around a billiard table for half the night and in other ways lose your sleep and lead a life of excitement you will bring about the very results that overtraining in athletics will, except in one case you have no muscle to show for your pastime.

"If a man has not sense enough to know when he is eating or drinking wrongly, losing his sleep, wasting his energy, or in general using himself badly, he surely never will be a successful athlete. It is bound to pay in the end to live simply and watch yourself, and if you begin when young the habit of keeping well and vigorous will grow on you.

"There are so many incidents and duties which prevent one's taking what might be considered a proper amount of recreation that the mind is not allowed to drift on a two hours' pastime in a gymnasium or on a field. Then after a while your muscles will lose their vigor, and you are apt not to care whether you exercise or not.

"To keep yourself in good tone you must not mistake a slight indisposition to exercise for a genuine fatigue. Every one knows that after a hearty meal, or drinking too much of anything, the very thought of exercise is distasteful, but several hours afterward one might gladly finish some physical work.

"For the best general results a gymnasium is the place to attend, for the tendency there is to use different kinds of apparatus, and thereby develop nearly all the muscles. As a

rule, the habits of athletic grounds are those with a special object in view, such as training for competition in running, jumping, walking or weight-throwing. The runners and walkers have mostly very poor chests and arms.

"The short-distance men are not so bad, but the majority who make distances above one-half a mile their specialties, would be considered poor samples of benefit derived from athletic training. On the other hand, the weight-throwers are big, bulky, inactive men, who could stand no test of endurance, and are muscularly strong because they have the weight.

"There is no earthly use of big muscles if there is no nervous strength behind them. Lack of nervous force is like a perfectly constructed boiler with no steam, and there are plenty of cases of men who have more than the usual enthusiasm continuing their athletic practice when they have spent all of their steam on previous efforts.

"They then feel weak and often wonder why it is that they do not improve, or even do as well as formerly, especially as they say they are taking regular practice. This is a state called over-training, or staleness, and nothing but rest will cure it. The bad results of over-training are, as a rule, exaggerated, for although there are plenty of cases of temporary staleness they are made so by the fact that the subjects feel weak, and their performances being effected, they gradually grow disgusted and stop exercise."

Few of the followers of the turf who now and again back the progeny of the great race horse Sensation are conversant with the wonderful performances of this great race horse.

Sensation was truly the sensation of his two-year-old year. Started eight times and won all of his races. Jerome Park, May 31, won the Juvenile Stakes, half mile, defeating Ethel and nine others; time, :50. Monmouth Park, July 5, won the July Stakes, five furlongs, defeating his stable companions, Grenada and Rosedale, who finished respectively second and third, and ten others; time, 1:07. Saratoga, July 22, won the Flash Stakes, half mile, Grenada and Rosedale again finishing second and third; five others came in behind them; time, :49.

Same meeting, July 29, won the Saratoga Stakes, three-quarter mile, defeating Grenada, who finished second, Beata, Glidella, Giroff and By-and-By; time, 1:18. Monmouth Park, Aug. 22, won the August Stakes, three-quarter mile, defeating Grenada, who ran second, and seven others; time, 1:18. Same meeting, Aug. 29, won the Criterion Stakes, three-quarter mile, carrying 5 pounds penalty, and defeated Grenada, second, and five others; time, 1:22; track slow and heavy.

At Jerome Park, Oct. 2, won the Nursery Stakes, three-quarter mile, defeating Fernich, Grenada and four others; time, 1:18. Baltimore, Oct. 23, won the Central Stakes, one mile, defeating Grenada and Odette; time, 1:50. Total winnings for the year, \$20,250. He met and defeated all the best two-year-olds of his year, winning from a half to one mile. He burst his foot in the spring of 1889, which compelled his retirement.

He is from one of the great racing families of the country. Acrobat and Hunter's Lexington, full brothers to his dam, were fine race horses and could stay a distance. John Morgan, a half brother, was also a superior race horse, and for his chances a very successful stallion. Motto, Nannie Lewis, Aldebaran were all good ones.

I have not the least doubt but that the roughing and slugging we get now at amateur exhibitions and the many glove contests are simply the result of want of knowledge.

If any one cares to watch two really good professionals, each of whom is trying his level best, he will see very little slugging and roughing, but the punishment administered will be none the less severe for all that.

Should the time arrive when such a man as Kilrain, instead of being a phenomenon among professionals, is but a fair average specimen, I think black eyes and broken noses will be far more plentiful than they are in these days of roughing.

To the uninitiated this may appear paradoxical; to the boxer, who is really what he calls himself, it is nothing of the sort, but plain, truthful facts.

Precision, I think, means power, and the blows which deal out most destruction are rarely those which evoke hostility from ignorant advocates of delicate fly flapping. It is not my province to defend the bustling business, which gives the prize to him who can slap and sling his gloves about with more rapidity, but I think it is better to see boxers who know nothing about finesse do this than be pained by their efforts to be nothing if not scientific.

A fight with gloves between men who know only a little is endurable; a tapping match, which suggests no skill whatever, may interest the self-appointed critic, but it does not suit the myriads who patronize boxing, and pay big sums for fancy seats, and it would be deadly in its dullness to such as have been properly educated regarding real boxing.

One thing that puzzles me is that the majority of the semi-amateurs and tyros who daily figure in these glove contests do such small injury to one another.

In my young days a flush hit with the right was—especially when given by a champion—sure to bring a man down, and two such hits I have seen win a battle. A boxer then held his right in reserve until a fit and proper opportunity arose for its application.

Nowadays the game is slap with the left and bang with the right—then go on again. These slaps and bangs are doubtless very alarming to onlookers, especially if the boxers have on sounding gloves, but with the new patent "Police Gazette" boxing gloves damage would be done.

One of the most famous racing fillies on the turf is Geraldine, by Grinstead, dam Cousin Pegg, who is owned by Porter Ashe. Geraldine was bred by her owner, and raised at the Maltree Villa Farm, where there are at present some 22 brood mares, and the thoroughbred stallions Ed Corrihan, by Joe Hooker, dam Countess Zelka, by Norfolk; Alta, by Norfolk, dam Ballinette, by Monday or Young Eclipse; the third and last of the stallions being Jocko, by Cariboo, dam Reply, by Enquirer.

Mr. Ashe, with his 1,880 acres, has the foundation for a first-class breeding farm, there being plenty of land to spare for grain, orchards, etc. The brood mares are all of a high order, and first-class in every respect, but owner and employees always give the pride of place to the subject of our sketch, Geraldine.

She made her first appearance on Saturday, April 14, 1887, as a candidate for honors in the California Stakes, in which she was beaten only by a short head by Walter Gratz's Pocastello, the half mile being negotiated in 49 seconds. Her first bracket was earned at the same meeting, where she beat a field of nine for the Eureka Stakes, running the five-eighths in 1:04, which is extraordinarily fast for a two-year-old in the spring of the year.

During that season she started altogether in fifteen races, placing eight of them to her credit, her most prominent victory being that of the Prospect Stakes at the Brooklyn Fall Meeting, where she defeated such cracks as Emperor of Norfolk, Sir Dixon, Satisfaction, Galliot, and her old opponent Pocastello, the three-quarters being run in 1:15.

In 1888, as a three-year-old, she only started five times, never being at herself during the season. Her first credit mark for the year was a match race made between Mr. Ashe and Fred Gehard, the latter wagering \$1,000 that his horse, Imp. Rosarium, could beat Geraldine a dash of half a mile. Geraldine won by thirty lengths.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, sub-conkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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C. S. New Orleans, La.—Consult an oculist.

ALF. Detroit.—"Snapper" Garrison rode Raceland.

C. W., New York City.—There is no authentic record.

T. H., Holyoke, Mass.—1. Have mailed answer. 2. No.

W. H. P., Tonkers.—Write to the secretary of the club.

J. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A wins. Mit. hell never weighed 200 pounds.

J. D., Lexington, Ky.—If you desire your challenge published send on a forfeit.

FOXHALL, Tonawanda, N. Y.—Ten Broeck, 1:39. Louisville, Ky. May 24, 1877.

J. McD. W., Van Buren, Ark.—Kilrain is the one wearing the Stars and Stripes.

O. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Apply to Father Wm. Daly, Sheepshead Bay race track.

C. O. N., Hot Springs, Ark.—The two horses that run a dead heat must run the heat off.

STATEN ISLAND.—You are entitled to the \$5. The Westfield disaster occurred on a Sunday.

O. S. L., Monmouth, Mich.—Senior Don Jose Marcelino Huastado. Address, Washington, D. C.

NONCHALANT, Sag Harbor.—Kelly and Leon were partners. The latter essayed female characters.

J. K., Terre Haute, Ind.—Kilrain was born Feb. 9, 1859, at Greenport, Columbia county, New York.

T. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—The winning horses are published in the evening papers on the day of the race.

J. E. H., Hastings, Neb.—Send for "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan" to this office. 2. 25 cents.

G. R., Saint Ste. Marie, Mich.—Sullivan wears the green belt. Both Kilrain and Sullivan are Irish-Americans.

T. H., West Burlington, Iowa.—There is such a place, and so far as we can learn it is in every way respectable.

T. McK., Columbus, Ohio.—The conditions of the wager are too mixed up. You had better return each party their money.

T. W., Chicago, Ill.—Jack McAuliffe holds the "Police Gazette" champion belt, which represents the light-weight championship.

W. B. McCLINCH, Haven, Ga.—No. Sullivan never fought Kilrain. Sullivan broke his arm fighting with Patsey Cardiff.

L. X., Boston, Mass.—The fight between Heenan and Sayers is published in full in "The Life of Heenan," price 25 cents, for sale at this office.

B. T., Philadelphia.—Your question is as intricate of solution as is the 16-puzzle or pigs in clover. Write again and do not criss-cross your writing.

J. W. S., Cocot, Wis.—John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell fought March 10, 1888, near Chantilly, France, 3 hours and 11 minutes, ending in a draw.

F. W. L., Conway, Mass.—Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, 100 rounds, for the championship of the world, Dec. 19, 1887, on the island of St. Pierre, France.

READER, Fort Assiniboine, Mont.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 15, 1858, and Jake Kilrain on Feb. 9, 1859, at Greenport, Columbia Co., N. Y.

J. W. B., The Dwyer Brothers are residents of Brooklyn, N. Y. They formerly were proprietors of a butcher shop. Jockey McLaughlin also resides in Brooklyn.

J. W. B., Ruston, La.—Kilrain will fight at about 185 pounds. 2. Excursion tickets for the fight can be purchased at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La., at \$10 each.

ETNA, Minneapolis.—In a casino game of twenty-one points no one takes the precedence when the opponents are rushing for the first points gained count for game.

E. L., Dubuque, Iowa.—1. H. M. Johnson (pro.), 22 feet 6 inches; M. W. Ford (a.), 23 feet 3 inches. 2. E. W. Johnson (pro.), 5 feet 3 inches; W. Soren (a.), 5 feet 14 inches.

B. W., Muscatine, Ia.—Kilrain and Smith fought Dec. 19, 1887, on the island of St. Pierre, France. The meeting in full, by rounds, is given in "The Life of Kilrain," price 25 cents.

T. C. S., Cornucopia, Ore.—1. B wins. 2. C does not lose in case of a draw. 3. Yes. 4. One mile, Ten Broeck, 1:39. Louisville, May 24, 1877. 5 and 6. The house rules govern. 7. Yes.

R. F., Patchogue, L. I.—Our Johnston correspondent was correct in calling it Black Friday. The Johnston disaster—the breaking of the dam—occurred shortly before 6 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, June 31.

J. F. W., Memphis, Tenn.—Please inform me of the following: If, in playing Euchre four handed, and one partner on each side plays it alone and makes three tricks, how much does he make, 1 or 4? One point.

JAMES D. FISHER, Albany, N. Y.—Thomas Kinsella, the editor of the Eagle (Brooklyn), has been dead about five years. St. Clair McKelway, a former editor of your city, now moulds public opinion for the notable sheet.

M. H. C., Norway.—On March 10, 1888, Mitchell and Sullivan fought with bare knuckles, near Chantilly, France, 39 rounds, lasting 3 hours 11 minutes, when the battle was, by mutual agreement, called a draw.

H. D. S., Milwaukee.—1. You lose. There is a separate World paper in Brooklyn. It is located on Adams street, between Tillary and Concord streets, and papers are printed there. 2. Joseph C. Hendrix is postmaster.

PACKETTOWN, Pa.—Barnum's Museum did stand on the corner of Ann street and Broadway, notwithstanding your friend's denial. There was an entrance on Fulton street, and the present Herald office is on a part of the site.

B. F. D.—Uncle Ben Nelson, the owner of Flatbush Maid and other fast stock, is long since dead. He was not related in any way to Hiram Woodruff. Hiram Woodruff Howe is still alive and doing well, at least he was when we last saw him.

H. B., New Bedford, Mass.—Sullivan broke his arm in a boxing bout with Patsey Cardiff at the Washington Park, Minneapolis, Minn., January 18, 1887. Kilrain's forfeit to fight Sullivan was posted with the New York Clipper in July following.

BURGESS, Kansas City.—Yes, it is true that Joe Emmett was once on the minstrel stage. He "showed" for several years with Dick Hooley, now of Chicago, but then of Brooklyn. The old Hooley's minstrel site is now occupied by a large bank building.

"JOHN FERRIS." Matewan, N. J.—The Prospect Fair Ground is located at the corner of Gravesend avenue and King's Highway, in the town of Gravesend. Andrew K. Culver's Prospect Park and Coney Island road passes the track. The cars stop there.

MURPHY, Chester, N. J.—Nat Ward is now located in New York State—in Nyack, we believe. A letter addressed there will reach him. He is an old-time horse fancier. His son—Nat, Jr., the pool player—can be addressed in care of Browne's Hotel, Brooklyn.

J. M. D., Penobscot, Me.—The horse Joe Elliott was raised in Old Hook, N. J. Robert Bonner paid John Bogert, his former owner, \$10,000 for him. "Joe" was sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. His dam was Kate, an old pinto mare, but he got there all the same.

F. B., Lisbon Falls, Maine.—At the California Athletic Club, San Francisco, April 26, 1889, Cardiff gave up the battle in the tenth round, when Jackson was then declared the winner. Cardiff was never in the fight; the colored champion whipped him as he pleased.

E. M. R., Somerville, Tenn.—1. Kilrain and Sullivan will meet for the first time in a match on July 8, when they will fight for \$20,000 in stakes and the "Police Gazette" champion belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of the world. 2. Sullivan broke his arm in a boxing match with Patsey Cardiff at Minneapolis, Minn.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER, Bridgeport, Conn.—"Tody" Hamilton's name is Richard F. Hamilton. "Tody" is a nickname. John W. Hamilton is his brother. Both were associated with your fellow-townsmen, P. T. Barnum, for many years. "Tody" is now Mr. Barnum's efficient press agent. John W. "Jack"—keeps a hotel on Broadway, and is also connected with a dramatic paper.

J. S., Nogales, A. T.—While the "Police Gazette" champion belt was on exhibition a few years ago in Arthur Chambers' "Champions' Rest," Philadelphia, Sullivan dropped in the place one night with a few friends, and before leaving he tried on the belt, putting it about his waist over his street clothes. That is as near as John L. ever came to owning the belt. He was offered a chance to fight Jem Smith for the belt after the latter's fight with Alf Greenfield, but he refused to go to England.

TOOLA, Nashville, Tenn.—1. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway were the proprietors of the Park theatre, Brooklyn, for a long time. Minnie and Lillian Conway were their daughters. Minnie was afterward the wife of Jules Levy, the cornetist. Her first appearance on the professional stage was in "The Daughter of the Regiment." Mark Bates, who died afterward in Philadelphia was her support. 2. The company at that time comprised Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, Mark and Marie Bates, John and Jennie Carroll, F. B. Chippendale, John Macoy, J. W. Shannon, Ed Lamb, Andrew, Laura and Fanny Queen, Sam Parker and others. The Queens have long since left the stage. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, Chippendale and Ed Lamb are dead. John Mackey is the same "Noble Son" as he was then, and is a good fellow.

SPORTING NOTES.

Dominick McCaffrey is making up a party to go to the big fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain.

Thomas Pearsall and Edward Cohn, both of this city, ran a foot race of 100 yards at the Shooting Park, Newark, N. J., on June 21. Cohn won. His time was 12 seconds.

Arthur O. Upham, who styles himself middle-weight champion of Connecticut and Rhode Island, desires a match with Joe Ellingworth, at the Southern Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal. Upham says he can produce the records to prove his claim to championship form.

Chappie Moran and Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, are virtually matched to meet at the Gribb Club, Troy, in a finish contest at 105 pounds. The club hangs up a purse of \$400 for the go. Both are agreeable to the meeting, and will sign articles during the week at this office.

Louis Beck, the Pin Cushion, has turned pedestrian. He will "shoot it" for money and glory in the Coney Island 5-day, 12 hours per diem, race, June 29 to July 7, at the Sea Beach Palace. Jake Isaacs, who coached Frank Hart in his last winning race in the East, will look after Beck.

The S. S. Holland, of the National Life, arrived last week; it brought over a pair of English bloodhounds, male and female, that were used in hunting for the Whitechapel murderer, "Jack the Ripper." The dogs were imported for Mr. J. L. Winsell, of Greene Mountain Kennel, Fairhaven, Vt.

A prize fight took place in a Buffalo resort on June 21, the principals being Dan Graham of Buffalo and Jim Kinnard, the St. Paul "kid." Two-ounce gloves were used. Kinnard defeated Graham in the thirteenth round. The fight lasted one hour and was for the gate receipts, which amounted to \$300.

Searle, the Australian oarsman, with his becker and trainer, has arrived in London, and begins training next week. He does not think lightly of O'Connor, but is confident that he can beat him. He says that he is stronger and better now than he ever was before. The climate does not affect him unfavorably.

Dennis F. Butler, professor of boxing, swimming, etc., is doing remarkably well in the South. The *Spirit of the South*, published in New Orleans, devotes the front page of its last number to the professor's portrait, and what he knows about the many art, with illustrations, Dennis standing for the different positions.

In an interview with Jimmy McLaughlin, who won the "Police Gazette" champion whip, he says that he could not get Terra Cotta moving in the Suburban. The horse seemed stiff and sore and had to be ridden half a mile from home to be made to extend himself. McLaughlin says that he had to ride Terra Cotta more than he ever had in a race, and the finish showed he had his speed, but that the horse couldn't get warmed up.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from New Haven, Conn., June 22, says: The tennis match for the championship of New England between H. W. Slocum and R. P. Huntington was a great one, and although Slocum eventually won he was compelled to put forth his best efforts. The matches for second prize resulted in Beach and Campbell beating Wright and Malory respectively. Following are the scores: H. W. Slocum beat R. P. Huntington, 6-4, 10-8, 6-2. Second Prize Singles: Beach beat Wright, 6-4, 6-3; Campbell beat Malory, 6-0, 6-1.

Entries closed on June 22 for the nine-days' pedestrian contest at the Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island, which commenced June 22. The race promises to be very unique. The peds will circle the track twelve hours each day, thus enabling them to keep in condition and make things lively during the whole nine days. During the race many outside events will take place, among which will be the New York letter-carriers' race, the newsboys' go-as-you-please contest, match distance races and a fat men's race.

The Duke of Portland has been very fortunate in his purchases of horseflesh. He bought St. Simon for \$1,000, who won every race he started in, and has earned \$2,000 a year since his retirement to the stud, and will doubtless increase it. Atlanta cost \$1,000, and she became the dam of Ayrshire, the winner of last year's Derby. Mowerina cost \$1,000, won nearly a dozen races, and then became the dam of Donovan, the winner of this year's Derby and of more money than has ever been credited to any other horse. Of the great money stakes the Duke has won the Kempton, \$10,000, and the Newmarket, \$7,000.

Prof. F. Franklin, who signs himself the Human Pin Cushion, Anvil and Salamander, seeks a meeting with Louis J. Beck, the Pin Cushion of Newark. Franklin writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that Beck's feat of sewing both ears to his cheeks is only a pastime with him. He wants to meet Beck in a public exhibition, for a reasonable stake, both to give their act, and the one first weakening on inserting into his body anything presented as a test short of an axe, to be decided the loser. Mr. Franklin's address is Arkansas City. A photograph accompanies his letter, showing the breast and arms of the freak to be completely filled in with extra sized muscles.

Con Dugan, the Brooklyn pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week to deny the report, circulated by Billy Clarkson that he, Dugan, was afraid to meet Quinn, Dugan, who is boxing with Sam Collier at Coney Island, said: "The first time I knew that I had refused to meet Quinn was when I read Clarkson's letter in print. I don't know Quinn, or Clarkson, either, and to show just how much I am afraid of them just state that I will meet either one at the POLICE GAZETTE office to make a match at 124 pounds, when they can scare up money enough to post a forfeit in a match for \$250 to \$500 a side." Dugan also includes any other 124-pound pugilist who will make a stake match.

Col. Cody's (Buffalo Bill) Wild West gave a brilliant benefit for the victims of the Johnstown flood at their Paris encampment on June 13, which was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and a large cosmopolitan gathering. The performance was a complete success throughout, those who took part in it excelling themselves, especially Miss Annie Oakley, the "Police Gazette" Little Sure Shot, whose skill as a marksman was never displayed to better advantage. To demonstrate that she used bullets and not shot, Miss Oakley fired at a 3-cent silver piece, which, dented by the bullet, was handed by Major Burke to the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness, after showing it to the Princess, pocketed the coin as a souvenir of an exhibition which, as he assured Col. Cody later on, he had witnessed with even more pleasure than when he had seen it for the first time two years ago.

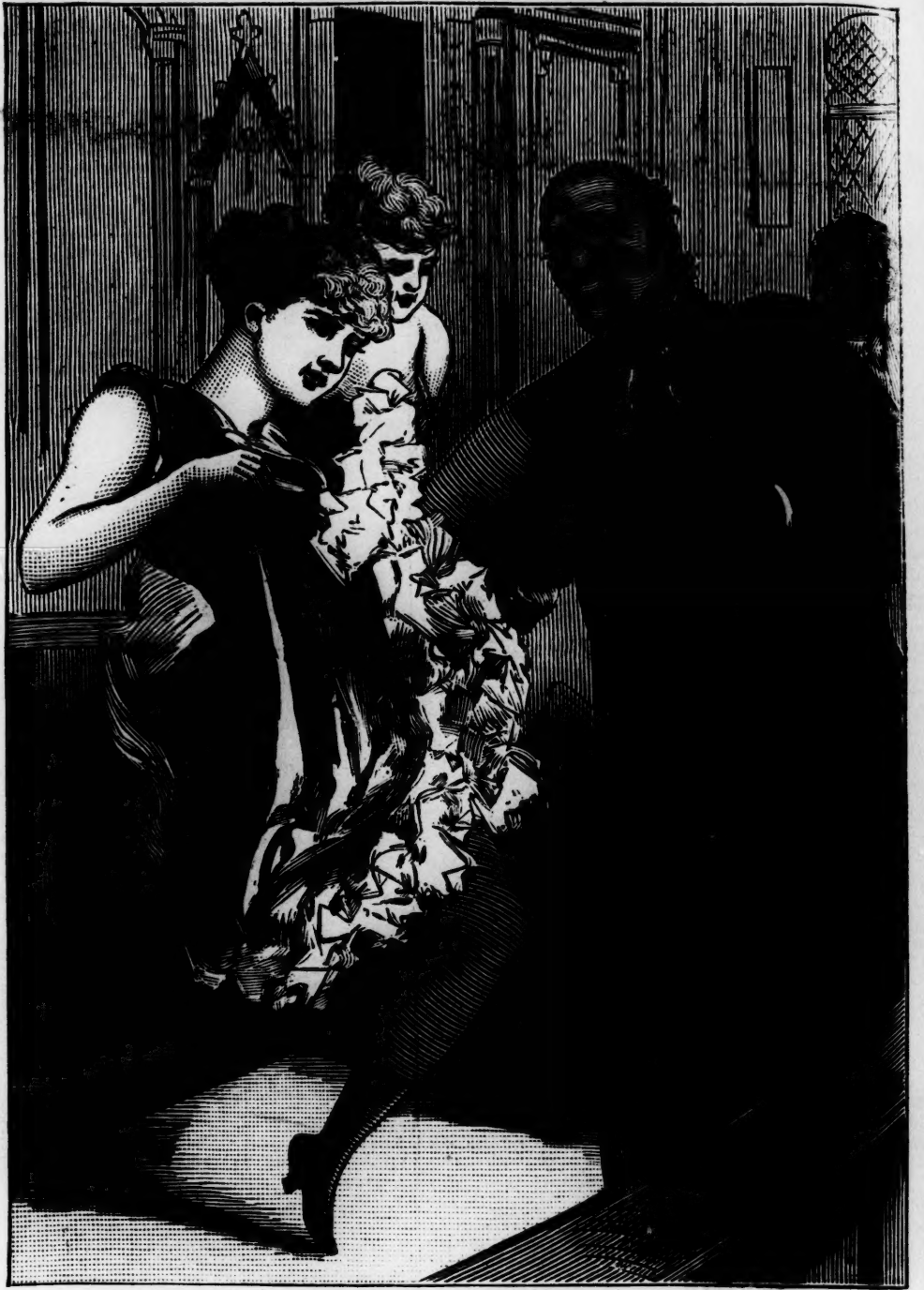
KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, sub-conkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



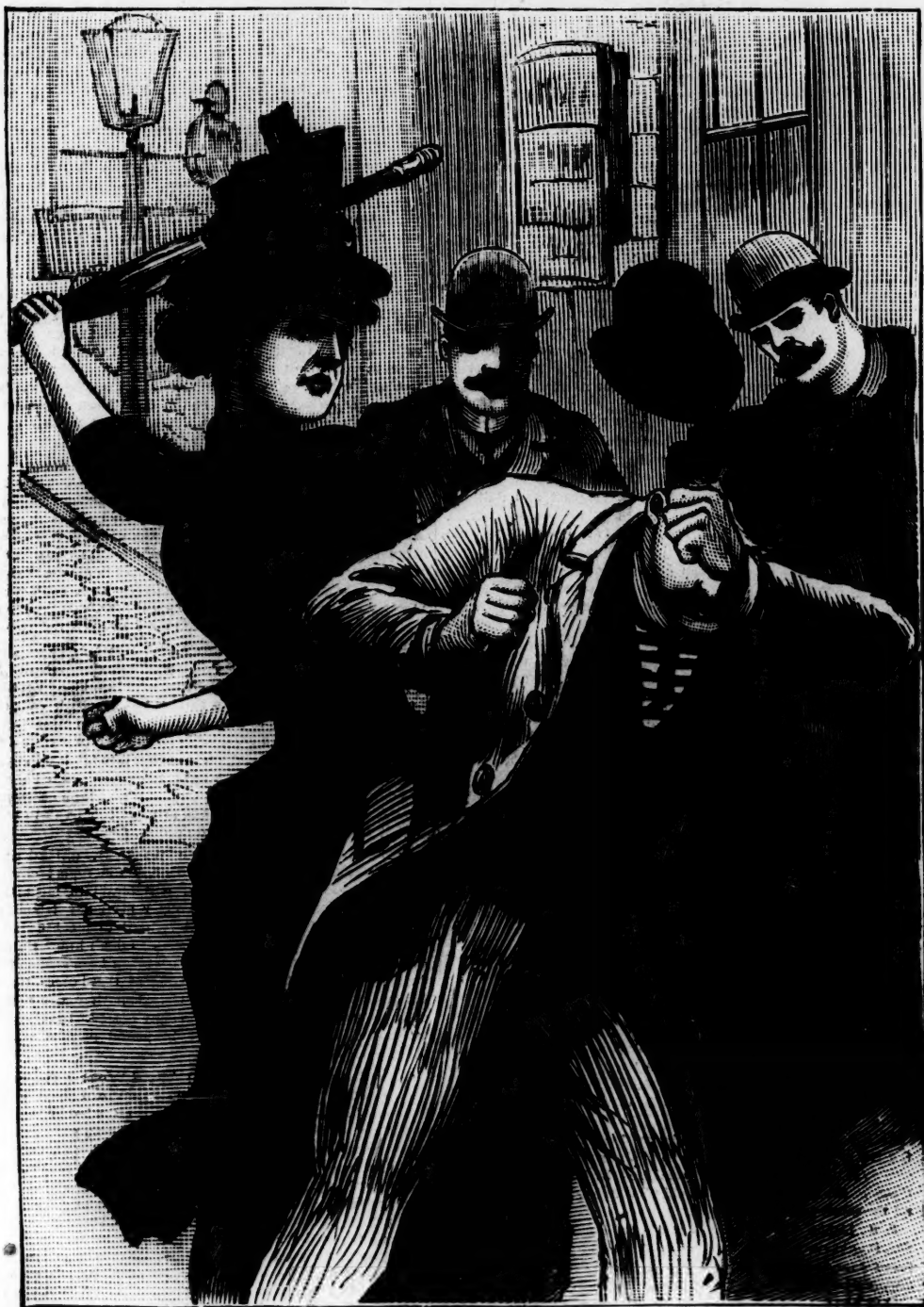
LEFT THE MINISTER IN THE WOODS.
SOME STURGEON BAY, WIS., PEOPLE WHO BECAME TIRED OF REV. THAASNAN'S
SERMONS, RAN HIM OUT OF TOWN.



DROWNED IN A BOILER OF MILK.
THE LITTLE GRANDCHILD OF FARMER TURNER, OF BRISTOL, PENNSYLVANIA,
MEETS WITH A CURIOUS DEATH.



NIMBLE CHORUS GIRLS.
THEY ENTERTAIN A COLORED CHURCH CONGREGATION IN NEWARK, N. J., AND
ATTEMPT TO FRACTURE THE CEILING.



BIFFED HIM IN THE EYE.
MR. SIGMUND MAYER, OF CINCINNATI, IS WALLOPED BY A WOMAN NAMED EDNA
BOYSTON, WHO THEN USES AN UMBRELLA AS A CLUB.



KILLED BY A BOILER EXPLOSION.
TWO PHILADELPHIA LADS EXPERIMENT WITH AN OLD BOILER AND ARE BLOWN
AGAINST A WALL AND FATALLY INJURED.



RUN DOWN BY A TUG.
A PLEASURE PARTY ON THE HUDSON RIVER NEAR ALBANY, N. Y., UPSET THEIR
BOAT AND SIX PEOPLE ARE DROWNED.



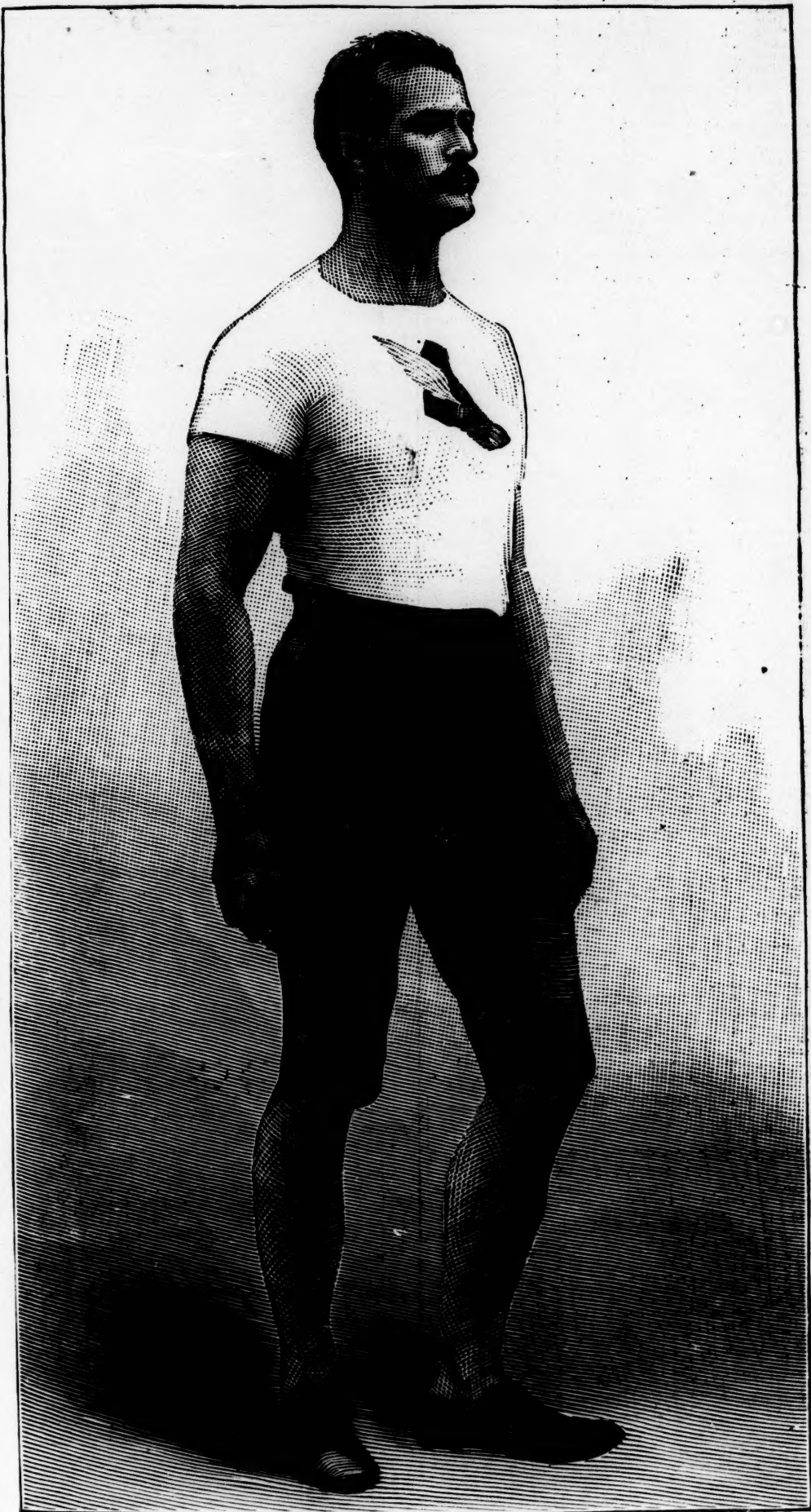
JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S 'KERCHIEF.

THE COLORS IN WHICH THE BOSTON BOY WILL BOUNCE INTO THE RING NEAR NEW ORLEANS, ON JULY 8.



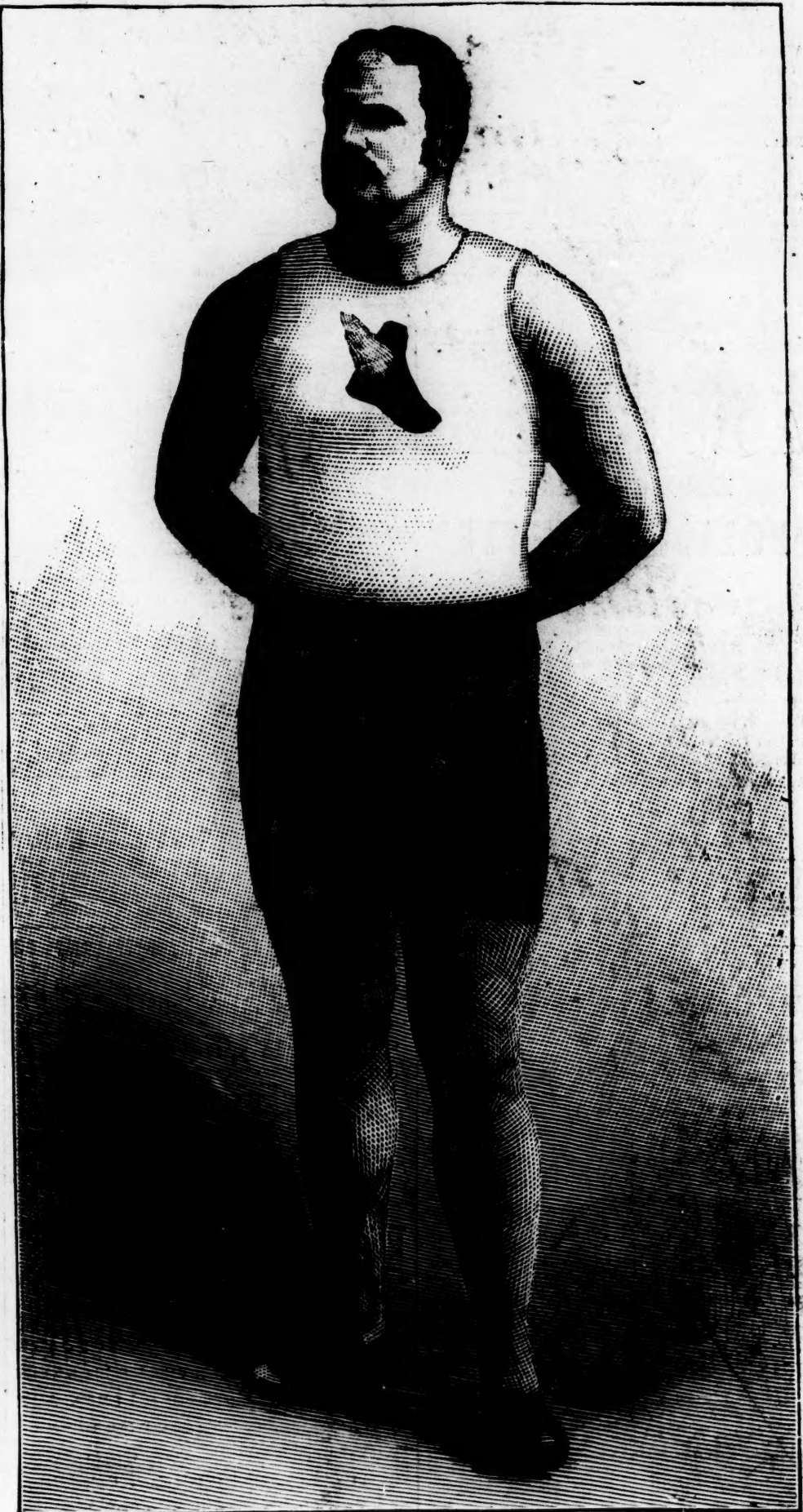
JAKE KILRAIN'S COLORS.

THE BATTLE BANNER UNDER WHICH THE BALTIMOREAN PURPOSES BIFFING HIS WAY TO VICTORY.



A CHAMPION SHOT-PUTTER.

G. R. GRAY, THE FAMOUS ATHLETE WHO HAS MUSCLES LIKE WHIP-CORDS.



AN ALL-ROUND AMATEUR ATHLETE.

C. A. J. QUECKEBNER, A MUSCULAR THROWER OF HEAVY WEIGHTS.

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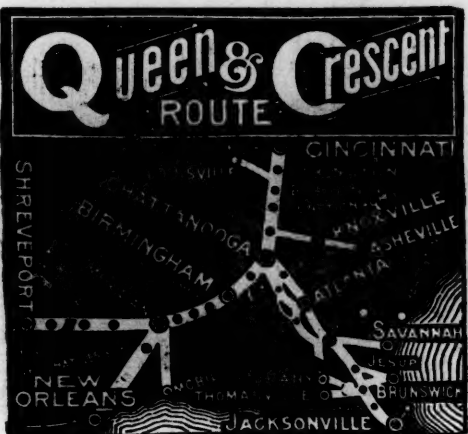
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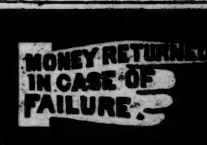
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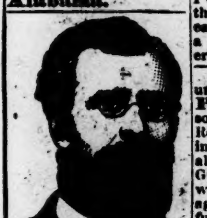
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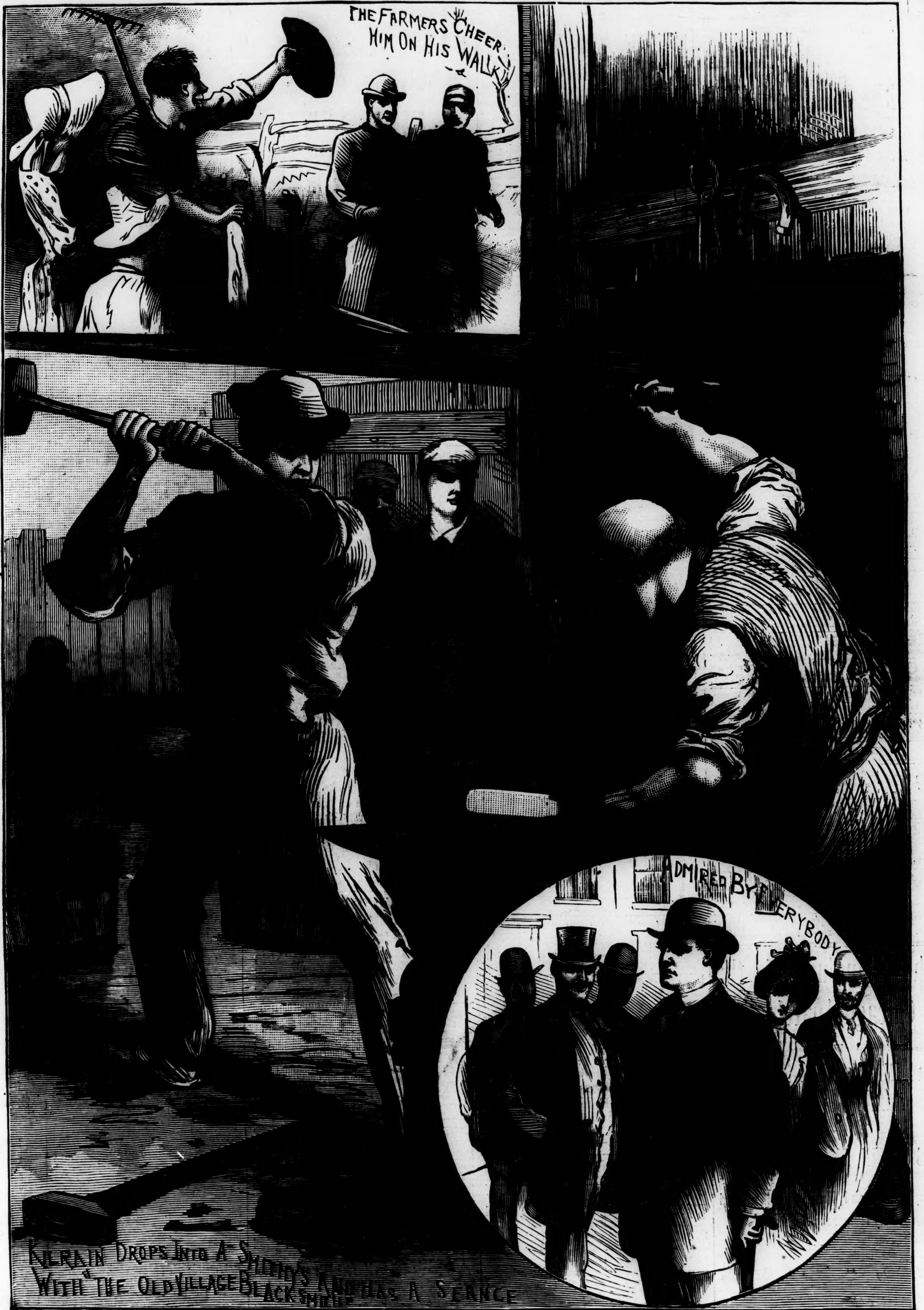
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